

Together[®] FEBRUARY 1963
FOR METHODIST FAMILIES



"We will rebuild!" After a week of bombing destroyed their Nuremberg home in 1945, German deaconesses moved in with bare hands to replace it (upper left).

European Deaconesses:

First in a Sisterhood of Mercy



She's a Methodist deaconess in Switzerland, and her primary concern is for life's helpless, sick, and orphaned.

A DESPERATE girl's timid knock on a pastor's doorway in Germany 130 years ago still echoes throughout the world. Minna, recently the inmate of a woman's prison, needed help from the Rev. Theodor Fliedner, pastor of a Lutheran church in the little village of Kaiserswerth. To serve Minna—and countless other lost, ill, and friendless souls like her—Fliedner founded the deaconess movement of devoted Christian women which has spread to many other countries, including the U.S. [see *American Deaconesses, 75 Years of Shining Service*, page 35].

Clad in their distinctive garb of tailored black or gray, with starched white hats, European deaconesses proudly look back on more than a century of service to mankind. Representing many denominations, they have given their lives to the Church. Their tradition, especially in the field of nursing, reaches back to Pastor Fliedner's first deaconess, Gertrude Reichardt. A doctor's daughter who often had cared for her father's patients, she saw her country's great need for hospitals and trained nurses. Within four years, Gertrude was training 17 women as nurses. In 1851, they were joined by a new student, Florence Nightingale. Although not a deaconess, Florence took her Kaiserswerth training to the battlefields of the Crimean War, and established practices and principles of nursing still followed in today's hospitals.

In Germany alone, some 45,000 Protestant deaconesses continue the good work started by Pastor Fliedner. In other European nations, too, they still do a great share of all nursing and social work among the sick and unfortunate.

AS THE deaconess movement spread to Switzerland and France, German Methodists opened their first deaconess house in Frankfurt in 1876, or 12 years before their sisters in the U.S. Directed by Pastor Karl Weiss, the work spread quickly. Today, there are more than a thousand Methodist deaconesses in Germany. There and in Switzerland, Methodist deaconesses work in an impressive number of hospitals, orphanages, clinics, and homes for the aged. Unlike their salaried U.S. counterparts, these selfless women receive only about \$5 a month in addition to clothing, laundry, and keep.

Deaconess work in Europe has survived the cataclysmic upheavals of more than a century. During World War II, the heroic German deaconesses defied all Nazi efforts to take over their work. After the war, they dauntlessly rebuilt their homes, orphanages, and hospitals—when necessary, with their own hands.



Service unlimited: Her working week may run 60 to 70 hours or more, but this German deaconess (center) finds time to join lakeside fun with an International Methodist Youth group.

Identified by their garb as deaconess-nurses, they're strolling near a European rest home.



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METHODISTS JOIN NATION IN INTEGRATION PROGRESS

The News: The 10.1 million members of The Methodist Church will be asked on February 10 to observe the 23rd annual Race Relations Sunday by contributing \$1 toward the support of their 13 church-related Negro schools and colleges. Seven days later they will join the nation in the 30th annual observance of Brotherhood Week, February 17-24.

The second Sunday in February each year was established by the 1940 General Conference of The Methodist Church as Race Relations Sunday to inform Methodists of the past contributions and of the present needs of the Negro schools, to receive an offering to help those needs, and to promote better relations between the races. Since then \$5,065,478 have been raised through the offerings.

Brotherhood Week, sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, urges all people to believe in brotherhood, and to live up to and support its basic ideal of respect for individuals.

As a preliminary to these two events, some 700 Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish clergymen and laymen met in Chicago, January 14-17, to participate in the First National Conference on Religion and Race. They sought to promote the development and exchange of ideas on programs to bring about greater friendships and working relationships in racial justice among churchmen.

Looking Back: "Walls of separation, whether in Berlin or in the mind and heart" are difficult to remove, Bishop A. Raymond Grant of Portland, Oreg., told the recent National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship in Salem, Oreg. He was comparing the 20th-century Berlin wall to "barriers to brotherhood that we have erected."

Two hundred and twenty-six years earlier, John Wesley, founder of Methodism, after seeing Negro slaves in an Anglican church in Savannah, Ga., referred to the same "barriers" when he said, "O God, where are thy tender mercies? Are they not over all thy works? When shall the Sun of Righteousness arise on these outcasts or men, with healing in his wings?"

By 1908, the people called Methodists in the U.S. translated Wesley's concern for racial justice into the church's first Social Creed. That year, the General Conference of the former Methodist Episcopal Church declared the church "stands . . . For equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life . . . For the recognition of the golden rule and the mind of Christ as the supreme law of society and the sure remedy for all social ills."

Words Become Action: By the end of World War II, The Methodist Church had integrated the several Scandinavian and German annual conferences created to satisfy the needs of those non-English-speaking Methodists. The 31 churches of the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference will be integrated by 1964 into the regularly structured annual conferences of the Western Jurisdiction after 16 years of

planning and discussion. The only other non-English-speaking conference in the church is the Rio Grande Conference which serves the Spanish-speaking people in Texas and New Mexico.

Methodism still works separately with the Indians through mission work in 13 states. One of the major efforts in this field is carried on by the Indian Mission Conference serving the mission work in Oklahoma. [See *Church of Ten Tribes*, June, 1958, page 23; *Lo, the Poor Pima!* July, 1961, page 24; and *Methodism and the American Indian*, July, 1961, page 26.]

The pattern of race relations for the nation as a whole has been the same as that within the church. Much progress has been made toward the elimination of racial inequalities with respect to treatment of the Indian, but much more remains to be done. [See *America's Indians Get a Chance!* February, 1957, page 31; and *What's Ahead for the American Indian?* June, 1958, page 21.]

The Negro Problem: Solution of the Negro problem is the paramount issue facing both the church and nation. Despite riots at the University of Mississippi and prayer pilgrimages at Albany, Ga., and elsewhere,



Ministerial candidates of white and Negro races pray together before ordination at integrated sessions of two Methodist conferences.

racial barriers against Negroes are toppling at an increasing rate. There has been progress in the granting of voting rights to Negroes as evidenced in the 1962 general elections. School desegregation, although slow, has been noted since 1954 in every state except Mississippi, Alabama, and South Carolina. Of the 2,265 school districts in onetime Confederate states, only 256 have started desegregation. Of the 2.8 million Negro children in the South, fewer than 10,000 are said to be in classes with white children. Negroes have made economic gains, but their average income—\$3,058 per year—still is below the \$5,424 per-year average of white families. President Kennedy's recent order limiting federal housing aid to "open housing" is expected to help improve Negro housing. In transportation, all racial barriers on trains and buses have been outlawed. Freedom rides have broken color lines in all but a few towns in the deep South. They have had their effect also on public accommodations, except in rural areas.

Separation of Negroes from the main body of The Methodist Church dates back to 1796, when a group of Negroes in New York withdrew and formed the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church. Then fol-

*The Church
in Action*

lowed in 1816 the formation of the African Methodist Episcopal Church; the split of the church into northern and southern branches in 1844, and in 1870 the formation in the South of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, now the Christian Methodist Episcopal Church.

Creation of the Central Jurisdiction came with unification in 1939 of the former Methodist Episcopal Church, the former Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the former Methodist Protestant Church. Since that time a continuing effort has been made to abolish the Central Jurisdiction which has been regarded as a symbol of racial segregation. [See *Four Bishops Answer Four Questions*, March, 1960, page 14.]

Efforts to Abolish the Symbol:

- 1940-1948—Establishment of Race Relations Sunday, and special commissions to study the race issue.
- 1952-60—Enactment of legislation by the 1952 General Conference to enable churches desiring to transfer from the Central Jurisdiction to other Jurisdictions. Enactment by the 1956 General Conference and adoption by the church of Amendment IX to the church's constitution providing for the voluntary transfer of Central Jurisdiction churches and annual conferences to other Jurisdictions. Creation of a Commission to Study and Recommend Action Concerning the Jurisdictional System.
- 1960—Acceptance by the General Conference of the recommendation of the Commission on the Jurisdictional System for greater implementation of Amendment IX, and creation of a 36-member Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations to promote interracial brotherhood through Christian love. Appointment by the Central Jurisdiction of a Committee of Five to Study the Central Jurisdiction to aid in its abolition.
- 1961—Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations recommends that through Amendment IX, the church realign its jurisdictions by transfer of five episcopal areas out of the Central Jurisdiction as it now exists. [See *First Step Toward Elimination*, July, 1961, page 11.]
- 1962—Central Jurisdiction Committee of Five proposes that no annual conferences be transferred under Amendment IX into a regional jurisdiction in which it is not located geographically; proposes realignment of Central Jurisdiction conferences by 1964; suggests creation of an interjurisdictional commission for the 1964-68 quadrennium to encourage further integration on conference and local-church levels; and that the 1964 General Conference be memorialized to declare that the entire church should be desegregated and no person denied admission or employment because of color or

racial identity. [See *Time-table for Abolition*, November, 1962, page 73.]

Local Integration Efforts: Steps are being taken in both North and South to effect integration. They include:

- Financial support by white Methodist churches in Plant City, Fla., and Columbia, S.C., to help Negro churches build needed buildings.
- Adoption of resolutions by the North Mississippi Conference Board of Christian Social Concerns prior to the Oxford riots calling on church people to express themselves to the end that law and order may prevail; and after the riots, the sending of a message by the district superintendents in the same conference to their pastors endorsing the stand of Oxford pastors who issued a call for "repentance."
- A joint session of the Central Kansas and Central West Annual Conferences of the South Central and Central Jurisdictions at which white and Negro bishops ordained 15 ministerial candidates of both races. [See *Two Methodist Conferences Conduct Integrated Services*, August, 1962, page 53.]
- A three-week exchange by two white and two Negro ministers involving churches in the Central West, the North Iowa, and the South Iowa conferences. [See *Methodists Conduct Interracial Exchange*, December, 1962, page 68.]

The Problems: Within the church, the problem of racial integration to some is a matter of immediacy; to others it is one of gradualism and carefully planned integration. The Rev. A. Dudley Ward, associate general secretary of the Division of Human Relations and Economic Affairs of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, states it this way:

"It has become increasingly apparent that merger of the Central Jurisdiction with the geographical jurisdictions will mean different things in different places. In some jurisdictions, merger must go all the way, that is, pastoral appointments, the district superintendency, episcopal election, and administration, mutual financial obligations, and lay involvement . . .

"In other jurisdictions, all of this will not be achieved completely in the near future. But every advance must be made to realize total inclusiveness as soon as possible."

Then, there is the problem of how to avoid "resegregation." In Washington, D.C., schools that were integrated following the U.S. Supreme Court decision in 1954 now appear to be turning back toward all-Negro schools. The reason: within the district, 83 percent of the public-school pupils are Negroes as against 57 percent in the year 1953. Similar trends have been noted elsewhere in some church congregations.

Methodist Bishops Protest Portuguese Restrictions

The Methodist Council of Bishops has issued a protest against restrictions which the Portuguese government has placed on The Methodist Church in its missionary work in the Portuguese colonies of Angola and Mozambique.

The council expressed its concern over "the refusal of the Portuguese government to grant a visa to Bishop Ralph E. Dodge of the Salisbury Area to enter Mozambique and Angola to hold the Methodist conferences for which he is responsible and to carry out the functions of his office." [See, *Wanted: More Missionaries in Central Congo*, October, 1962, page 68.]

Meanwhile, the Southern Rhodesia Christian Conference sounded a call for political rights for Africans, regardless of color. The conference represents The Methodist Church and most other Protestant denominations in Southern Rhodesia.

The country has become increasingly torn by the dispute between Africans, who are demanding immediately full and equal political rights, and Europeans, many of whom refuse to give up the privileges of a ruling class.

A growing demand of the Africans has been for the churches to declare where they stand. Leaders claim that unless the churches identify with the African desire for full citizenship, Africans will lose confidence in churches.

Christianity Seen As Only Deterrent of Communism

Dr. Merlino Cremata, a Methodist Cuban refugee, told a men's convocation in the California-Nevada Annual Conference that Christianity is the only

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UPCOMING EVENTS

Of interest to Methodists Everywhere

FEBRUARY

- 1—Annual meeting Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission, Nashville, Tenn.
- 4-7—"Our Mission Today" Regional Study Conference, Denver, Colo.
- 10—Race Relations Sunday.
- 11-14—"Our Mission Today" Regional Study Conference, Washington, D.C.
- 12-14—Annual meeting Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes, and annual convention of the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes, Sheraton-Gibson Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- 17-24—Brotherhood Week.
- 23-26—Annual meeting Methodist Board of Evangelism, Chamberlin Hotel, Old Point Comfort, Va.
- 24—Beginning of Aldersgate Year 1963 Period of Spiritual Enrichment, and continuing through Easter, April 14.
- 27—Ash Wednesday, Lent begins.

effective force to combat communism in the Western Hemisphere.

He said that he does not think we are headed for atomic war with Russia.

"This is a war of ideologies," he said, "and I am not sure that the democratic idea will win the people of Latin America. They have a different psychology, and there is too much ignorance to overcome."

Dr. Cremata, who with his family was sponsored in California by the Sonoma Methodist Church, said that the thousands of Cuban refugees in and about Miami, Fla., need reassurance that they can successfully resettle in other parts of America.

"I'll never be able to pay for the love, friendship, and help we found in California," he said.

Children's Prayer Habits Responsibility of Family

Dr. Harry Denman of Nashville, Tenn., told Methodist ministers at the Methodist Council on Evangelism in Ocean City, N.J., that teaching children habits of prayer and Bible reading is the responsibility of the family. This responsibility, he said, could not be "delegated to the school, church, and other community agencies which are only auxiliary to the home."

The general secretary of the Methodist Board of Evangelism added, "I don't see why we expect the teacher to teach our children to pray."

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Dr. Daniel A. Poling, noted minister and Editor of The Christian Herald: "The advantages of a hospital plan which is available to non-drinkers only are obvious. The lower rate is made possible because you are not paying the bills for the illnesses and accidents of those who use alcohol."



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2. _____				
3. _____				

To the best of your knowledge and belief, do you or any person applying for coverage now have, or have you or they ever had any physical defect or deformity, high or low blood pressure, heart trouble, diabetes, cancer, arthritis, or tuberculosis; or have you or they, within the last 5 years, been disabled by either accident or illness, had medical advice or treatment, taken medication for any condition, or been advised to have a surgical operation? ☐ Yes ☐ No

If so, give details stating person affected, cause, date, name and address of attending physician and whether fully recovered: _____

Neither I nor any other person listed above uses alcoholic beverages, and I hereby do apply for a policy with the understanding that the policy will not cover any conditions existing prior to the issue date, and that it shall be issued solely and entirely in reliance upon the written answers to the above questions.

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The New York City Protestant Council has approved plans for Protestant Center at the 1964-65 New York World's Fair. Methodists will co-operate.

in the United States are proposed. Goodwill will seek to improve services so that more than 50,000 handicapped can be served annually on a continuing basis.

It will attempt to set up 5 new plants overseas where there are now 20.

A revolving loan and assistance fund for local Goodwill plants in the amount of at least \$100,000 is to be established.

Methodists to Honor Scouts

Hundreds of Methodist churches will honor Boy Scouts during the Scouts' 53rd anniversary observance, February 7-13. The theme for the observance is *Strengthen America . . . Be Prepared, Be Fit.*

On Boy Scout Sunday, February 10, many Methodist churches will give *God and Country Awards* to Scouts.

CENTURY CLUB

This month eight more Methodists who have had 100 or more birthdays join TOGETHER's Century Club. They are:

Mrs. Ella Romander, 103, Whitehall, Wis.

Mrs. F. A. Bacon, 102, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. Grace Wood, 100, Danielson, Conn.

Mrs. Clara Lyons, 100, Piqua, Ohio.

Mrs. Genorie V. Taylor, 100, Retsil, Wash.

Mrs. Mary Wood, 100, Endicott, N.Y.

Mrs. Mary C. Carroll, 100, Albright, W.Va.

John Edward Thornton Hunter, 100, Richmond, Va.

When making Century Club nominations, please give following information about nominee: home address, birth date, and where church membership is held.

An estimated 3,830,000 boys are participating in Scouting—1,837,000 Cub Scouts, 1,685,000 Boy Scouts, and 308,000 Explorers. There are 1,410,000 active adult volunteer leaders.

Pastors' Education Continues

Methodist ministers have the most extensive program of continuing professional education of any Protestant church, it was reported at a national Methodist meeting.

Deans of Methodist pastors' schools were told that this was accomplished through the pastors' schools and other types of refresher education.

Dr. Harley H. Zeigler of Nashville said that in 1963 more than 8,000 Methodist pastors will attend 47 such schools. Dr. Zeigler is an associate director of the department of ministerial education of the Methodist Board of Education.

Methodists Voting Down Plan

Methodists in North India and Pakistan are voting against a Plan of Union drawn up by seven denominations. With 8 of the 15 Methodist annual conferences reporting, the vote was 285 against and 231 for the merger. Approval requires a two-thirds majority.

Henry A. Lacy, Methodist Board of Missions executive secretary for Southern Asia, said, "People keep telling me that they are not voting against church union, but against this plan." He said that the obstacle seems to be that authority would be given to congregations to appoint, dismiss, or transfer their pastors. Under Methodist organization, pastors are appointed by the bishop.

Monument Project Goes Ahead

The Christ on the Mountain monument to be constructed near Spearfish, S.Dak., has moved one step closer to reality. Agreements have been signed giving the Christ on the Mountain Corporation, sponsor of the project, the exclusive rights to and ownership

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items, you must pay for them and return the ones you do not wish to buy. If you do not intend to buy any of the "approval" items, return them promptly, being sure your name and address are clearly written in the upper left-hand corner of the package in which you return the merchandise.

of Gutzon Borglum's statue of Christ. The down payment on the project was made possible through gifts to the Sen. Francis Case memorial fund. The late Senator Case proposed the monument in 1959 after seeing the Christ the Redeemer statue which overlooks the bay at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Plan Unification Observance

The Methodist Council of Secretaries is making plans for the observance of the 25th anniversary of Methodist unification at the 1964 General Conference.

Although their presentation will include a review of the accomplishments since reunion, it will point out the desired emphases of the church's second quarter century.

Other action of the secretaries at their meeting in St. Louis was installation of Dr. Leon M. Adkins of Nashville as their president.

The council, favoring Methodist participation in the Protestant Center at the coming New York World's Fair, named a committee to work with representatives of the Council of Bishops and the Council on World Service and Finance. Chosen were the

Methodists in the News

Warner A. Ross, 21, of Bolivar, Tenn., has been named star farmer of the Future Farmers of America, the FFA's highest award.

Dr. William C. Tremmel of Manhattan, Kans., has been commissioned by the National Conference of Christian and Jews to write a new *Manual on Interreligious Co-operation on the College Campus*.

The Rev. Paul Stopenhagen of West Lafayette, Ind., is the new national president of the Association of Wesley Foundations.

Dr. Alexander K. Smith of Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed administrative assistant of The Methodist Church in the Philadelphia Area.

Mrs. T. Roy Jarrett of Richmond, Va., was elected president of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union at its 22nd triennial convention in New Delhi, India.

The Rev. Robert W. Thornburg of Peoria, Ill., was named one of Chicago's 10 outstanding young men of 1962 by the Junior Association of Commerce and Industry. He is formerly of the Chicago area.

Dr. Don L. Calame of Closter, N.J., has been elected to the board of directors of American Leprosy Missions.

Rev. Horace W. Williams, Nashville, Tenn.; Dr. J. Otis Young, Chicago, associate publisher of The Methodist Publishing House; and Dr. Gerald Clapsaddle, New York.

AMU Emergency Funds Asked

An emergency crusade, endorsed by the Methodist Council of Bishops, is being made to get much-needed funds through Advance Specials for the Alaska Methodist University in Anchorage.

The Methodist Board of Missions' Division of National Missions is directing the \$2 million crusade. Funds are needed as rapidly as possible for the ongoing program (\$1 million) and for building needs (\$1 million).

Dr. Godbold to History Post

Dr. Albea Godbold, St. Louis North District superintendent in the Methodist Missouri East Conference, will be-

come executive secretary of the Association of Methodist Historical Societies on June 1.

He will succeed Dr. Elmer T. Clark, founder of the association in 1947 and long-time leader in the World Methodist Council.



Dr. Godbold

Dr. Godbold will be responsible for completing the *Dictionary of World Methodism* as well as editing the new quarterly, *Methodist History*.

Dr. Clark, who is retiring at age 76, was born in Randolph County, Arkansas. He held pastorates in the former St. Louis Conference. From 1938 to 1952 he was editor of *World Outlook*.

Seek 75 Deaconesses in '63

Sparked by the slogan "75 in '63," the Methodist Commission on Deaconess Work is observing the 75th anniversary of the deaconess movement in the United States with a recruiting drive to add at least 75 new deaconesses during the year. [See *American Deaconess: 75 Years of Shining Service*, page 35.]

Reporting at a commission meeting in St. Louis recently, Dr. Mary Lou Barnwell, executive secretary, said the campaign for recruits will be carried out through intensified visits to college campuses, youth assemblies, and Christian vocations conferences.

During 1961-62, there were 26 losses by retirement and release among the 400 active deaconesses and 19 additions. In the same period, 27 new candidates were approved by the Board of Missions upon the recommendations of the Joint Committee on Missionary

Personnel. The papers of 15 more applicants are under review.

A candidate must remain on trial for a year before being commissioned. A bachelor's degree and specialized training, usually on the graduate level, are required for acceptance.

"Seventy-five is the number of years in which deaconesses have been faithfully serving American Methodism," said Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles, chairman of the commission. "It is also the number of 'radiant, enthusiastic and knowledgeable' young women the commission is determined to recruit for 'the office and work of a deaconess.' Sixty-three, the diamond anniversary year, obviously is the period during which this is to be accomplished."

Dr. J. Otis Young of Chicago, associate publisher of The Methodist Publishing House, and chairman of the commission committee on promotion and recruitment, declared the church has allowed the deaconess movement to drop out of its thinking.

It was pointed out that in 23 of the church's 100 annual conferences there has not been a single deaconess candidate since 1940. Twenty-three other conferences have furnished but one each during all these years.

Faith in Nuclear Age Report Will Be Churchwide Study

The Methodist Council of Bishops has directed that a report, *The Christian Faith and War in the Nuclear Age*, be distributed for a worldwide study in Methodist churches.

Bishop Matthew W. Clair, Jr., of St. Louis headed a 12-man commission in the inquiry which was ordered by the 1960 Methodist General Conference.

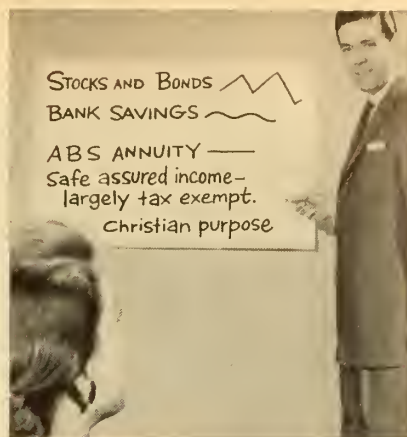
The 99-page report will go to the Division of Peace and World Order of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns in Washington, D.C., for distribution and utilization.

The report points out that "the relevance of the church to modern man, the future of human liberty, the continuance of modern culture, and even the survival of the human race may depend upon the faithfulness with which the church bears witness to her Living Lord by appropriate study, word, and action relative to war in this age of nuclear power."

Angola Fighting Continues

The fighting between Africans and Portuguese continues in Angola, and the church is still being affected, it was reported to the Methodist Board of Missions. [See *Special Report on Angola*, February, 1962, page 14.]

A Methodist missionary in Luanda, capital of Angola, told the board that the situation regarding Methodist work is contradictory. Churches and schools



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in the Luanda area that were closed have been forbidden to reopen. But in the Malange area to the east, churches are being opened and new schools established.

Refugees continue to leave Angola, the board was told, despite Portuguese reports to the contrary. The Portuguese have even mined the escape routes, the informant said.

The Rev. Clifford Parsons, British Baptist missions secretary, in a letter to the board and other missionary agencies asks, "Is it not time that further publicity was given to the Portuguese government's refusal to adjust her thinking to the realities of the present day and to her continued campaign of repression and indiscriminate attack on civilian refugees?"

"When East Germans die in trying to break through the Berlin Wall, there is a cry of horror from the Free World. The same thing occurs daily in north Angola."

Board Liberalizes Policies On Latin American Churches

Methodist churches in Latin America will have more independence and self-direction under new policies adopted by the Methodist Board of Missions (representing The Methodist Church in the United States).

The policies cover such matters as finance, missionary personnel, schools, and administrative relationships.

One of the most far-reaching recommendations of the board was that the present Committee on Co-ordination in each of 10 countries be replaced by a group elected by and responsible to the annual conference.

At present, the committee is made up equally of missionaries and nationals and is the official link between the church on the field and the board.

If the committee is to be replaced, it would require General Conference action in 1964.

Realignment Proposals Made

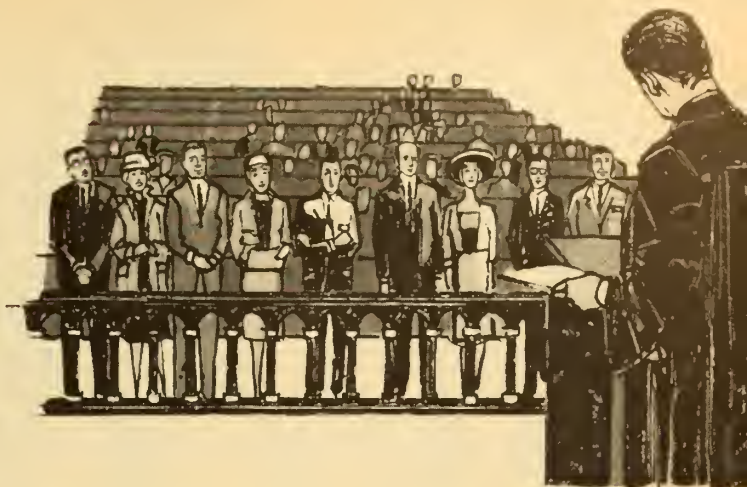
Proposals realigning annual conferences of the Methodist Central (Negro) Jurisdiction have been given to the jurisdiction's College of Bishops by the Study Committee (Committee of Five). [See *Timetable for Abolition*, November, 1962, page 73.]

The bishops now will submit the proposals to annual conferences and other agencies for study. Definite action will be taken by the 1964 Central Jurisdiction Conference, June 16-21, in Daytona Beach, Fla.

"The Central Jurisdiction must be abolished," said the Study Committee, "within a framework of overall planning and programming which will facilitate rather than impede achievement of the goal of equality within The Methodist Church."

If We Were to Join AGAIN

By ROY L. SMITH



THE *Discipline of The Methodist Church* stipulates that those seeking Christian fellowship among the "people called Methodists" shall indicate their purpose by answering four simple questions:

"Do you here in the presence of God and this congregation renew the solemn promise and vow that was made at your Baptism?"

"Do you confess Jesus Christ as your Savior and Lord, and pledge your allegiance to his kingdom?"

"Do you receive and profess the Christian faith as contained in the New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Will you be loyal to The Methodist Church, and uphold it by your attendance, your prayers, your gifts, and your service?"

To each question the initiate is expected to answer affirmatively; and when this has been done, the right hand of fellowship is extended as a symbol of membership. All this is quite proper, of course. Certainly the wording of the vows allows a wide diversity of opinions on many matters of dispute. This is as it should be.

One fact, however, calls for serious attention and plain speaking. There should be a clear understanding between the church and the person at the moment he or she becomes an applicant for membership that one's membership vows become an agreement—a contract—between them.

The congregation, on the one hand, through its properly elected officers, agrees to maintain a religious organization which will provide pastoral

leadership, counsel, and assistance for all members; to conduct public worship services to which all may come for inspiration, instruction, and spiritual guidance; and to provide the individual with that bolstering strength and fellowship which will enable him to achieve his highest spiritual aspirations.

The first three questions emphasize *beliefs*, while the fourth is a formal declaration of loyalty to the church as an institution. It is possible to subscribe to all the vows and be no more than a negative member. (Vast multitudes have little more than a negative religion. Their virtues consist of the things they do not do, their orthodoxy of the beliefs they repudiate, their "righteousness" of the common practices the community does not condemn.)

If we were to stand before the altar once again and renew our vows, would we be willing to emphasize the positive, to declare our faith in terms of positive action? Would we be willing to declare what we are *ready to be*, and not merely what we are *willing to abstain from*? Would we be willing to affirm our intention to do the following things as evidence of our worthiness to be included in the household of faith?

Suppose the pastor, having pounded the "official vows," should lower his *Discipline*, look us straight in the eye, and ask, "Do you propose to speak at least one good word for your Lord every week, hereafter?" How would we reply?

Or suppose he should ask, "Do

you propose to be charitable with those who disagree with you, from this time on?" Would that cause us to hesitate? Then he might ask, "Are you prepared to go out tomorrow morning and make restitution to anyone you have wronged or defrauded?" Would we answer, "Yes, if I have time?"

If he is seriously concerned for our spiritual welfare, he might ask, "Do you believe your life can be upgraded, and will you really allow us to help you, without becoming angry when the sermon sounds a little personal?"

It ought to be easy to answer if he asks us, "Can we depend upon you to increase the world's stock of goodwill this week?" But his next question might be very difficult. (But would that make any difference?) "Are you determined to be a brother, this week, to any man for whom your Christ died?"

Suppose he should ask: "Are you ready to correct any aspect of your life which you know is unacceptable to your Lord?" That might get down to some very serious decisions!

His final question might seem easy, but if we answer it honestly, and without reservation, it might haunt us:

"Are you willing to accept some unmet need in this community and make it your personal responsibility?"

If all of us would take such vows—and keep them—it could make a difference in our neighborhood. And isn't that what a church is for?



Mr. Thomas, member of British Parliament, is a past vice-president of the British Methodist Conference.

How Would the Common Market

Affect Protestant Britain?

By GEORGE THOMAS

GRAHAM HUTTON, that distinguished British economist, wrote brilliantly in *TOGETHER* last year of the powerful arguments for Great Britain's taking the plunge into what will ultimately be a United States of Europe [see *Upcoming: A United States of Europe*, April, 1962, page 16]. But the issues causing concern are by no means limited to economics.

The history of France, Germany, and Italy for the past century is not one of stable parliamentary democracy. De Gaulle and Adenauer are old men whose strong leadership cannot guide their people for very much longer. What will happen to representative government in France after De Gaulle goes is a question disturbing many in Great Britain. Chaos or military rule is not beyond the bounds of possibility.

Inevitably, Great Britain's part in world affairs will be seriously reduced when political union in Europe becomes an established fact. Not Westminster but the Common Market Parliament will be consulted on world questions. We shall be a permanent minority in that parliament. This may be necessary for world progress, but Great Britain has played too outstanding a part in world affairs for such a change in our status to be accepted without caution.

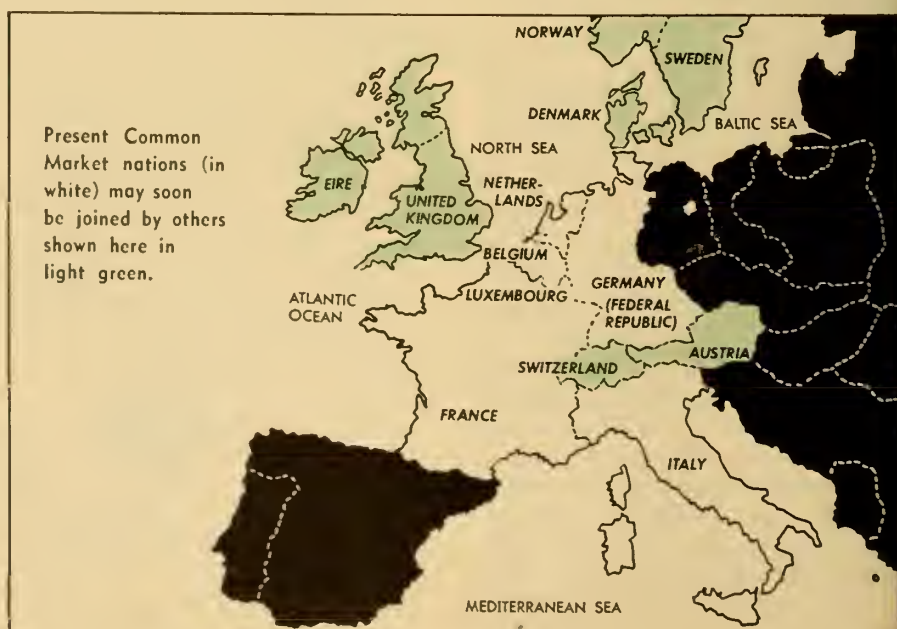
There is another serious aspect. Few people in Great Britain talk

about it on public platforms, but it is responsible for a growing undercurrent of opposition to our joining the "European Club." That is the religious question.

The fact that the head of state in each of the six member states of the European Common Market is a Roman Catholic has caused many Protestants to look a little closer. Every member of the British Parliament has been receiving anxious letters from Protestants who fear becoming submerged in another Holy Roman Empire. These fears may be exaggerated, but they cannot be lightly

disregarded. They have certainly caused anxiety in British government circles.

This was proved when the House of Commons was recently debating the Common Market. Mr. R. A. Butler, deputy prime minister, in replying to the debate on behalf of the government, startled a crowded House by suddenly announcing that freedom of worship would continue to prevail if we joined Europe's Common Market. For a moment there was a stunned silence, then roars of laughter and loud interruptions began. Members of Parliament



who had been receiving heavy mail from Protestants asked why the deputy prime minister should have made such a bold announcement. Many theories were advanced both by way of criticism and of defense of the minister.

He was trying to do two things at once, I think. Knowing that his speech would be reported in all the European newspapers he was striking a warning note to Europe that Protestants were not to be denied their heritage of freedom. Mr. Butler was trying to allay the fears growing in active Protestant circles at the prospect of being a minority for the first time since the Reformation.

How much basis is there for the genuine fears that prevail, you may well ask. Experience in Italy, at least, gives cause for uneasiness. If Franco Spain is allowed to join the Common Market as she wishes, there will be another member country where Protestants are forever on the defensive. Many times when Selwyn Lloyd, a Methodist, was Britain's foreign secretary, I had to appeal to him to use his powerful influence to stop persecution of Protestants in Spain.

In Germany, France, Luxembourg, Belgium, and Holland the picture is a different one. These Protestants are too strong to be denied full liberty, although the tension in Belgium frequently reveals itself. Protestants in Germany and in the Netherlands are a mighty force in themselves.

I recall a few years ago going to address the Methodist Seminary in Frankfurt, Germany, where Dr. Somers is principal. In the evening, there was a great public rally. Three European Methodist bishops each told an inspiring story of the loyalty of their people—and they are but a fraction of the total Protestant witness in Europe. Dr. Niemöller is a striking reminder that the Lutherans wield a mighty influence in Germany. This is the real answer to those who fear another Holy Roman Empire. We would find in Europe a great body of fellow Protestants who would welcome our support.

When I visited Berlin in July last year, one of my most moving experiences as I toured along that evil wall which separates East from West Berlin, was to see the Protestant Church of Reconciliation which



The British humor magazine Punch lampoons the proposed British-Common Market merger with this cartoon captioned, "If any of you know cause, or just impediment, why these seven should not be joined . . ."

served the people of both East and West, walled in on the communist side. A statue of our Lord is raised high above the wall, and it seems that He looks down in compassion. For me, this was a telling reminder that the Protestants in Europe have always been a thorn in the side of dictators. The tradition of Martin Luther lives on in the life of our Protestant brethren in Germany.

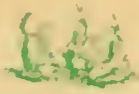
Sheer moral courage and faithfulness to Christian convictions do not of themselves change a political minority into a majority, however. And it is perfectly clear that Protestant Britain will be in a permanent minority so far as religious loyalties are concerned in the Common Market countries. This will be a challenging experience for us. For hundreds of years we have taken our Protestant heritage for granted. Indeed, it is the Protestant emphasis on the value of the individual and on his inherent right to freedom of conscience that was the foundation on which our system of parliamentary democracy was built. If ever we lose our grip on this Christian emphasis on the

rights of the individual in contradistinction to the rights of the state, our democracy itself will be in danger.

But to be in a minority could be salutary. Minorities are usually more conscious of their basic convictions than majorities are, because they have to defend them more often. Even in the 20th century, it is as important as it was in the days of the Reformation for men to know exactly where they stand in religious matters.

Personally, I have no deep fears for Protestantism in Britain if we enter the Common Market. Convinced minorities have influenced the thinking and the activities of majorities times out of number in American history and in ours. They can and undoubtedly will do it again. But we must never forget that it is still true to say that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance."

Our job is to accept the responsibilities of witnessing to our faith in public as well as in private affairs. Protestantism is safe only so long as we reveal a moral courage that is equal to our convictions.



Is Homework Overdone?

Oren Arnold, father of three, says flatly that homework is more frill than fundamental. But three Methodists we asked to comment on his statement, which leads off this discussion, take sharp issue. What is your opinion?—Eds.

ON FAMILY NIGHT at our church everyone from toddlers to grandparents turns out for the fun and fellowship of dinner, singing, worship, and movies. It's so popular that I was surprised when the Hales showed up one Wednesday night without Joel and Betty Sue.

"Where are the kids, Bill?" I asked.

"Oh, they're home studying," he said grimly. "I should be there helping them, I guess. I usually am."

A few nights later a neighbor, Tom O'Connor, burst into our living room and blurted, "Say, do you know how to plot the orbit of a beeping satellite? Buddy's high-school teacher has gone overboard on space travel, and . . ." He threw up his hands. Three of us slaved over Buddy's homework until 1 a.m.

Night after night and often all day on weekends, through elementary and high school, the kids are stuck with their studies. Whether they're getting cross-eyed drawing graphs, charts, and maps at the kitchen table or nodding sleepily over a textbook they took to bed, one thing is obvious: *homework assignments are being overdone!*

We've watched our three children struggle with homework all through the grades and high school. Now our daughter in college stumbles home Fridays with a stack of books that claim most of her time until Monday.

This sort of thing has become a national problem—and, let me tell you, there's a rebellion brewing! Parents, ministers, many teachers, and, of course, the students themselves are behind it. The question they're asking is this: "Do schools have the right to assign themselves priority over the home?"

Adults are expected to put in a full day at their jobs, but most have their evenings relatively free. Even with household chores, husband and wife have time to be together, to talk, to enjoy the subtler nuances of family life. Isn't this fellowship far more valuable than anything children may learn hunched over a desk? Don't our kids deserve the same privileges we enjoy?

I say give them a full, well-planned school day with time to complete their individual studies—then set them free for a little living! This may eliminate some school activities, but many are of questionable value anyway.

For instance, our Rosemary came home one time, obviously tired, and drooping under a load of seven books. "Why didn't you do some of that studying at school?" I asked. "You had three hours free time."

"But Daddy!" Rosie protested. "In my first free time—and I use the term 'free' loosely—the teacher made me

paint scenery for the school play, and after that . . .

"Made you paint?"

"Well, she didn't exactly make me do it, I guess. But she knows I can paint, and she practically ordered me to do it. Then, in my last free period, the tennis coach asked me to show some freshmen how to handle a racquet. He says I'm his star pupil, so what could I do?"

Now I happen to enjoy both art and tennis, as well as most of the other extracurricular activities in which youngsters participate today. But do they all have to be squeezed into the school system at once? Can't we have a balanced schedule with more study at school?

At this point, many parents probably are yelping: "But I had to study until midnight every night when I was in school! What was good enough for me is good enough for my kids!"

Even if they did study this hard—and contact with many adults causes you to doubt that they did—that doesn't make it right. Tradition just for the sake of tradition is never any good, and often stifles progress. It would be a sorry comment on education if we still were using the techniques of a generation ago.

Before we complain that our children don't work hard enough, or that they would only flop down in front of the TV if they didn't have to study, we should examine our motives carefully. There are many parents who don't mind seeing their youngsters trot off to their rooms as soon as dinner is over. They use homework as a baby sitter, freeing their time for relaxation and entertaining friends.

Our children are almost grown now, so I've got hindsight that many parents do not have. Our oldest daughter, Judy, was a whiz at geometry and history, but couldn't cut up a chicken for frying.

Rosemary, our second daughter, earned straight-A report cards and a scholarship at the University of Southern California, but couldn't iron her young husband's shirts properly.

And now our beloved Gail. Shouldn't she be allowed to relax and refresh her mind on weekends, enjoying her last fling at living in the parental home she loves? She's engaged to a fine boy and soon will be starting a home of her own. Will her future be more secure if she knows how many gallons of fuel go into a moon rocket, but not how many eggs go into a chocolate cake? And, although she can quote adequately from Chaucer and Shakespeare and other famous poets, I realize that she—along with many of her friends—can-

not recite the Ten Commandments from memory.

And what of the poor mom or dad who's expected to recall algebraic formulas or obscure grammar at the drop of an offspring's request? With the modern emphasis on specialized knowledge, with history and geography going out of date overnight, it's unreasonable for teachers to expect parents to do their work for them.

It is the teacher's business to teach academic subjects. It is the parents' job to support the teacher in this, and to supplement his efforts with emotional and spiritual guidance in the home.

Many educational authorities accept this division of responsibility. William Abraham, chairman of the department of education at Arizona State University has stated: "Recent studies cast doubt on the belief that homework actually adds to a student's knowledge." He urges establishment of a Bill of Rights to protect both parents and children from homework abuses:

1. *There can be occasional exceptions to a no-homework rule, but they should be the type of assignments which are best done outside the school—home and nature projects, as distinguished from book references.*

2. *Homework should not interfere with wholesome home activities.*

3. *All projects should be started in school, so students aren't completely dependent upon parental guidance.*

4. *The time devoted to homework should be strictly limited, with students in the lower grades receiving lighter assignments.*

Dr. James B. Conant, president emeritus of Harvard University, says the criterion by which all homework should be judged is, "Is it meaningful?" That is the key to tolerance for us rebels. Most of us will accept limited and worthwhile homework. Restraint on teachers, particularly that occasional authoritarian who feels that his subject is the only one worthy of emphasis, would be a step in the right direction.

The fact remains that the schoolroom is only one place to learn, and often it's not even the best place.

Home—without homework—must always come first.



'That little extra benefit from homework pays off'

Asserts Beverly Wittstruck, a student



College student Beverly Wittstruck, of Spirit Lake, Iowa, does not feel abused, but instead welcomes homework because it increases her knowledge and helps prepare her to live successfully.

HOMEWORK is not overdone! While broadening our academic knowledge, it teaches us lessons as valuable as any we learn in the classroom—self-discipline, initiative, and integrity. Twice in recent years I would have been lost without the home-study habit.

I spent my junior year in high school in Germany as one of 22 Methodist students participating in the International Christian Youth Exchange program. I since have completed a year in a college nurse's training course. At neither place was

there anyone to force me to study, and I derived a special satisfaction from the work I did on my own initiative.

Incidentally, German students do not have any more homework than their American counterparts. And their work itself is not so stimulating as ours. They conjugate verbs, memorize dates, and solve math problems, while we devote time to preparing book reports, writing themes, and scientific research projects.

In almost any school, the good

student can accumulate enough knowledge to get by without doing homework. But such knowledge will not adequately prepare him for an age which demands the most and the best. Only the little extra he gets from homework can do that!

As to the charge that studies now take up our every free moment, I think that regular application to homework actually may give the student more usable free time. It is not the student who has kept up with daily work all semester who must burn the midnight oil for a week just before final exams!

There may be periods when a student is swamped with homework because extracurricular activities crowd in, too, but this usually is for a short time only.

I think there probably are more parents than students who feel that homework is overdone. I've heard it said that some parents look upon homework as a baby-sitting device (it keeps children occupied so that they don't bother their parents). I doubt this. I think that most students and parents realize the need for increased study.

Neither do I think that many

teachers give their pupils homework just to keep them busy. Just keeping us busy might be justified as worthwhile on the basis of what it teaches us about discipline and effort, but homework also has increased my knowledge and understanding in my main area of study.

In summary, I do not believe that Mr. Arnold is in accord with the majority student viewpoint today. The day is not far off when we will have to tackle by ourselves much more difficult assignments than homework. Getting the kind of education we will need is a full-time job.

'Negative approach diverts aim from the target'

Says J. L. Buford, an educator

A FEW YEARS ago a majority of pupils was reluctant to do even a reasonable amount of classroom work—to say nothing of homework. Good grades were not coveted, and the attitude of the pupils seemed to be: "What difference does it make?"

Then came Sputnik, and the whole atmosphere changed. Our national pride was wounded, and we took a searching look at our educational system. Business and industry, parents and teachers—even some pupils—joined in a rising clamor for more intensive study, both at school and at home.

The demand has not abated. A recent Gallup poll shows that 46 percent of the parents still favor increasing homework at the high-school level, while 44 percent oppose such a move. The other 10 percent were undecided. Parents seem to be applying more pressure for extra study than are teachers. This is particularly true below the junior high-school level, where I think the pressure should be less because it can be harmful.

Homework should not, of course, disrupt normal family and social activities, nor require parents to be teachers. It can be bad emotionally for a parent to try to teach his child. Homework should add to a pupil's educational well-being. The parents' chief concern should be to provide an environment conducive to study.

One of my teachers does an excellent job of outlining what homework

should and should not be: "It should be something that grows out of regular classroom work and adds to the pupil's knowledge. It should not be 'busy' work, such as 50 problems to be done merely for higher grades. It should not be assigned on a short-notice, overnight basis."

In answer to some of Mr. Arnold's charges, I plead guilty to imposing occasionally upon talented pupils for special extracurricular help; I agree that parents should not have to teach academic subjects, and that school should not take priority over the home. However, I am amazed at how many parental responsibilities the schools are asked to assume.*

Let's consider several specific skills which Mr. Arnold seems to think a girl should master in preference to academic learning. His daughters have made excellent choices in the matter of life preparation.

If I could choose for my daughter between being "a whiz at geometry and history" or cutting up a chicken for frying, I'd see that she could buy the chicken already cut up. I have not seen a housewife do it in years.

If I had a second daughter who could earn A grades at the University of Southern California, I'd be very happy, and I would not worry too much if her young husband did not get his shirts ironed properly.

And if I had a third daughter



Superintendent of Schools in Mount Vernon, Ill., J. L. Buford recommends that parents confer with children's teachers about educational problems.

who could "quote Chaucer and Shakespeare adequately," I'd allow her to use a ready-mix for her chocolate cake (even "old fashioned" mothers do nowadays) while she quoted Chaucer and Shakespeare. Then I'd encourage her to memorize the Ten Commandments, because she would have lots of time to do it.

Mr. Arnold proposes eliminating "some school activities," alleging that "many are of questionable value anyway." Just which would he eliminate, and which are the activities of "questionable value"?

Basically, I think that Mr. Arnold takes a negative approach to what he says is a serious problem. He talks of rebellion, without indicating any desire to sit down and work things out. Don't we have enough rebellions already? Isn't this something that can be solved in sensible discussion with teachers and school officials?

* For a former teacher's verification of this fact, see Needed: Real Fathers for Today's Children, September, 1962, page 27.—Eds.

'Are parental expectations really the root of issue?'

Asks Mrs. Betty Shaw, a mother

PERHAPS, in the re-evaluation of our schools triggered by Russia's Sputnik, errors were made and sometimes homework was piled too high. But the world today makes harsher demands than it did a generation ago. It no longer is enough for our children merely to become "good citizens" in the old sense; in order to survive, they will have to make greater contributions to society and the world.

Time is one of the most precious ingredients in the educational process. Most pupils have little enough of it to spend, and they cannot have everything. We must see to it that they budget their time wisely to acquire those things which will sustain them all their lives.

Of course, I do not think pupils should sacrifice family life, church, social activity, and recreation on the altar of education. School is only one of many important agencies which shape our lives, but it is one of the most important.

There is little need for homework at the elementary-school level. Homework in junior high school should be designed to whet interests and to develop intellectual skills, rather than to impart chunks of knowledge. In high school, though, there is not enough time in classroom periods for pupils to master a course of study.

Therefore, homework is necessary, both to increase knowledge and to develop habits of individual study and discipline.

The homework should meet certain standards. It should be an extension of classroom study, stimulating, and useful in overcoming subject difficulties. If the pupil is to receive full benefit, it also must be something he can do largely by himself.

Before complaining that homework is overdone, be sure that you are on solid ground. You may find that your own demands, ambitions, and aspirations for your child are at the root of the trouble. One mother complained that I was making a nervous wreck of her daughter by giving her too much homework. A check revealed that the girl also was studying piano, dancing, and baton twirling, and was active in the Girl Scouts, church school, junior choir, and Rainbow Girls. Yet the mother expected straight *As*. No wonder her daughter was nervous!

I knew a boy whose parents severely criticized a coteacher for not teaching anything in class, then piling the homework "sky high" so Mom and Dad had to help him every night. The truth is, this boy wasted his class periods in practical jokes which distracted other pupils. The root of his problem was that he was



*Mrs. Betty M. Shaw of Weirton, W.Va.
—a mother, teacher, and supply pastor
—believes proper use of time allows a
balance of study, chores, and fun.*

too dependent upon his family—an attitude encouraged by his parents. After the parents had been persuaded to cut the apron strings, putting the boy on his own resources, his work improved.

I was one of four children of a Methodist minister. We were expected to attend church meetings on Sunday and Wednesdays, to help with minor tasks at home, to take piano lessons, and to engage in one outside activity. We found that by doing our homework while Mother was preparing dinner we still could have most of our evenings free.

A moderate amount of homework is essential. Better organization of pupils' after-school hours can eliminate many homework problems.

Is Russia Ahead of the U.S. in Education?

THE questions of homework, so-called frill courses, and extracurricular activities are tied up with the question of whether American education is serving democracy adequately in this space-race era.

Vice-Admiral Hyman G. Rickover asserts that schooling in the United States lags behind that of Russia. He advocates intensified curricula and steps to compel pupils to exert themselves to their maximum capacity.

A comprehensive study of the Russian elementary-school system shows that by the fourth grade every

child has been exposed to a vocabulary of 10,000 words, whereas children in the United States are limited deliberately to 1,500 words.

Russian elementary pupils go to classes 6 days a week for 10 months, compared with our 5-day week for 9 months (less usually 3 weeks for vacations).

Revisions are being carried out in some parts of this country, designed to raise our American educational standards to meet the communist challenge. Among curricula improvements is emphasis on higher mathe-

matics and physics, introducing them to pupils at a fairly early age. It is proposed also to institute a radical revision of primary-reading textbooks, aiming at the literary quality of the famous McGuffey Readers, so that children in the sixth grade will have been exposed to 10,000 words.

Impartial analysts point out that the advantage of the American educational system is that boys and girls here are encouraged to think for themselves and are reared as free human beings, whereas children in Russia are trained as order-taking automatons steeped in communist dogma. —HERBERT E. LANGENDORFF



ROBERT SEAMAN: His engine sent the X-15 skyward.

Unusual Methodists

*In achievements, hobbies, and skills,
these church members rate special mention.*

MAN BEHIND THE MAN. When test pilot Joe Walker [see *Joe Walker, Fastest Man Alive*, January, 1961, page 20] soared into the stratosphere and the headlines at the controls of America's X-15 rocket plane, it was primarily the work of a fellow Methodist which sent him aloft. Without the YLR-99-RM-1 engine to power the half-missile, half-aircraft, X-15 would be earthbound. The engine's principal designer: Robert W. Seaman, 40, chief engineer at Thiokol Chemical Corporation's Reaction Motors Division in Den-ville, N.J.

A rocket-engine specialist since 1946, Seaman was assigned to the YLR-99 project in 1956—a task new to the annals of rocketry. The engine had to be comparatively small and light, but awesomely powerful. And its tremendous power (500,000 horse-power maximum) had to be made “throttleable” at the pilot’s command. The X-15’s flight successes testify to the design genius of Bob Seaman and his fellow engineers.

An earnest family man who takes churchmanship seriously, Seaman is board of trustees secretary at Parsippany (N.J.) Methodist Church and chairman of plans and construction as the congregation prepares to build a new church. The active Parsippany membership includes Bob’s wife, Lois, and sons Terry and Glenn.

BERTHA HAHN: Yodeling at 87.



YODELING LADY. Mrs. Bertha Hahn of Bluffton, Ohio, takes pride in three things: her family, her church, and her ancestry.

Alert and witty at 87, Mrs. Hahn has 5 children, 13 grandchildren, and 11 great-grandchildren. A firm Methodist since 1895, she was a church-school teacher 25 years (until two years ago), a choir member 40 years, and an active campaigner in fund drives which built Bluffton's present First Methodist Church. She's been a member longer than anyone else.

When it comes to her ancestry, Mrs. Hahn eagerly demonstrates a talent which could only be a Swiss inheritance—yodeling. Accompanying herself on the autoharp (self-taught), she sings and yodels dozens of folk songs she learned years ago at the knee of her father, an immigrant from Switzerland. Mrs. Hahn's largest audience was a crowd of 7,000 at the 1961 Farmers and Merchants Picnic in nearby Ada. More often her performances are for small groups at social, school, and church functions around Bluffton.

Along with music, Mrs. Hahn intersperses bits of Swiss history and relates the traditions about the songs she sings. Her programs generally last 30 to 45 minutes, but encores often have kept her on the stage for more than an hour. Her audiences love it—and so does she!

HARDWOOD HERITAGE. At a husky 185 pounds and standing six-foot-two, Charles Raymond Lewis is a valuable man on both football and basketball teams at Custer County High School in Westcliffe, Colo. But if it comes to a choice between the two sports, Ray doesn't have to think twice. Basketball is his game—and his heritage. Ray's great-grandfather was the late Dr. James A. Naismith, whose game with peach baskets and a soccer ball back in 1891 became the "granddaddy" of worldwide basketball.

A senior this year, Ray has been on CCHS teams all four years of high school and has hopes for collegiate and perhaps professional years ahead. A career in coaching is his eventual goal.

Keeping in top physical condition is no problem for the rugged young Coloradoan. He and his parents live on a 2,500-acre mountain ranch where regular jobs include riding and breaking horses, baling hay, bucking bales—all strenuous chores. And when ranch work is done, other outdoor pursuits beckon—such as hunting and fishing. He relaxes with a sit-down hobby: rebuilding guns.

At Westcliffe Methodist Church, the Lewises are mainstay members. This year Ray is MYF president and a member of the church's commission on membership and evangelism.

EDUCATORS' EDUCATOR. In the Richard V. Moore family, education is a way of life. A longtime teacher-coach and former director of secondary education for Negroes in the Florida Department of Education, Dr. Moore became president of Methodist-related Bethune-Cookman College of Daytona Beach in 1947. Last year the 30,000-member American Teachers Association named him its national president.

The rest of the family? First there is Mrs. Moore, who teaches third grade at Daytona Beach's Turie T. Small public school. A married daughter, Rosalyn Blake, teaches exceptional children in Cocoa, Fla. Eldest son Richard and Elaine both are enrolled at Bethune-Cookman, while Gene Paul, at Meharry Dental College, and Charles Wesley, at Tennessee A & I State University, are both in Nashville. Elizabeth attends Boylan Haven-Mather Academy, Camden, S.C., and Reggie is a high-school honor student in Daytona Beach. Third-grader Barbara and kindergartner David, youngest at six, complete the family roster. Total: 11 Moores in school every weekday.

Sundays are busy, too. The family works actively at Stewart Memorial Methodist Church, where Dr. Moore is lay leader, financial committee head, and a trustee. He also has been conference lay leader since 1953.

RAY LEWIS: Basketball heir.

RICHARD MOORE: Friend of students, he has nine in his own family.



*We are searching always for courage and strength.
Yet they can be given in these few simple words:*

'How Wonderful You Are...'

By ARTHUR GORDON

DOWN IN Georgia, not long ago, my mother moved out of the old house where our family had lived for almost a century and a half. It's astounding how much stuff can accumulate in the course of five or six generations: the cellar and attic were crammed with boxes and trunks full of an incredible assortment of odds and ends. And since she was moving to a much smaller place, my mother asked my sisters and me to look it over and get rid of most of it.

I began, I must confess, with visions of rare and valuable Confederate stamps dancing in my head, or possibly an autograph of Button Gwinnett, the shy delegate from Georgia who signed his name to the Declaration of Independence but hardly anywhere else—with the result that his signature is worth thousands of dollars today. It soon became evident, though, that all we had, really, was a mighty collection of antiquated junk. But I found something of value, all the same.

I found it in the letters, a whole trunkful of them. Most of them were written in faded ink and grimy with the dust of decades. We'd stand there in the shuttered gloom, ankle deep in mismatched spurs and andirons, in tarnished epaulets and scraps of torn lace or faded brocade, and read a paragraph or two. And it was like listening to voices, faint and far away, echoing down the corridor of time.

The letters were never about great historical events. They weren't passionate love letters either. They

simply chronicled the lives of ordinary people: parties and picnics, business successes or failures, pets, children, the weather. They might almost have been written by my sisters to me, or vice versa, except for one thing. The emotional restraints that have become part of our daily lives were largely lacking.

The people in those generations cared about one another, enormously and intimately. And they said so, with an emphasis that was perhaps naïve but was also deeply impressive. In a hundred different ways, they spoke of their love and admiration for one another, and you could feel their sincerity warm on the brittle paper:

You don't know how much your visit meant to all of us! When you left, I felt as if the sun had stopped shining.

The courage with which you are facing your difficulties is an inspiration to all of us. We haven't the slightest doubt that in the end you will triumph over all of them.


Have I told you lately what a wonderful person you are? Never forget how much your friends and family love and admire you.

How wonderful you are! That was the steady refrain, and it made me stop and think. In each of these people, no doubt, there had been much that could have been criticized. But when you remembered the times they had lived through—the war that ended for them in poverty and bitterness and defeat, the terrifying epidemics of yellow fever—it was im-



READER'S CHOICE

Arthur Gordon turns his eye inward on himself and our self-conscious society—and is disappointed. How often we deprive others of faith and confidence, forcing them to look elsewhere for the strength and love we could give! To Mrs. Arthur C. Wells of Bakersfield, Vermont, who first nominated the story, go the \$25 Reader's Choice award and our sincere thanks. Copyright 1956 by The Reader's Digest Association, Inc. Condensed from *Woman's Day*. Reprinted by permission.—EDS.



"We'd stand there in the shuttered gloom and read a paragraph or two. And it was like listening to voices . . ."

possible to escape the conclusion that the writers of these letters were stronger than we are, that they faced greater tests with greater fortitude. And where did they get that strength? The answer lay in my dusty hands. They got it from one another.

Never forget how much you are loved and admired. There it was: the faith, the encouragement, these strands of reassurance woven into a powerful network of mutual support. Nobody had to face anything without allies whose loyalty was beyond question. Nobody was ever alone.

Such loyalty and affection were implicit in my own family relationships, I knew, but they were seldom expressed, and certainly not in such a forthright way. Somewhere along the line, my generation had put a checkrein on the release of such emotions. To give utterance to them had become corny, somehow faintly foolish. It was out of fashion; it just wasn't done. I don't pretend to know what brought this change about, but I do know this: it seriously interferes with one of the deepest of all human needs—the desire for acceptance and approval by other people.

Knowing that he is loved, the individual does not have to worry about acceptance or approval—he's got them. Knowing that he is admired, his self-confidence remains high.

If other people believe that he can cope with his difficulties, then the fear of failure (the most paralyzing of all fears) recedes and diminishes. The converse is also true. It has been said that you tend to become what you think you are. But what you think you are is colored, inevitably, by what you conceive other people's opinion of you to be. If you think they are critical, or even indifferent, your self-esteem shrinks, and with it your capacity for living.

Some criticism, no doubt, is constructive, but too much is a subtle poison. A friend of mine told me of a club he belonged to in his undergraduate days at the University of Wisconsin. The members were a group of brilliant boys, some with real literary talent. At each meeting one of them would read a story or essay he had written and submit it to the criticism of the others. No punches were pulled; each manu-

Mighty Messenger of the Mails

POSTAL CARDS are worth their weight in platinum. I don't mean the flamboyant color jobs, but merely the pieces of stiff buff paper on sale at your local post office.

With a supply on hand, you can shop without physical buffeting or the frustration of ordering by phone. Who hasn't called a department store, been connected with Extension 223, transferred to 658, then to 224 (in the aisle next to 223)—only to find that the gadget hasn't been stocked for more than two years? Cards avoid this.

They also lessen the irritation of repeated attempts to make an appointment with someone who never seems to be at his desk. And, if necessary, you can use them to complain about poor service or inferior merchandise. In short, writing a card is an easy way to attend to business matters.

Socially, they can be used to acknowledge such things as notices of club meetings or church lunches. (I don't, however, advocate their use to accept White House receptions or Beacon Hill dinner parties.)

Cards are my standbys when I call a committee together or make a date with an out-of-town friend. Even more important, cards furnish a convenient way to do favors. On a card addressed to Sarah, who entertains a lot, write the recipe for that delicious new canapé you had at Bess' party. Or tell Jim you'd love the XYZ Press' new book on world affairs. Or flatter a friend with, "Bob told me you were the most fascinating woman at the meeting."

Sick friends like to receive cards (in this case, picture cards help more) saying, "I'm thinking of you and hoping you're better." One wife has neatly solved the problem of keeping in touch with her husband while he travels. She slips in his pocket a card addressed to herself for each day he'll be away!

Philosopher William James, as busy a man as any, used postal cards to lighten his work and to avoid unnecessary letter writing. One of his cards treasured by the recipient reads, "O.K. W.J." What easier way to handle matters?

—E. WEBB WILSON

script was mercilessly dissected. The sessions were so brutal that the club members dubbed themselves The Stranglers.

This club was strictly a masculine affair, so naturally, the co-eds formed a comparable group of their own, known as The Wranglers. They, too, read their manuscripts aloud. But the criticism was much gentler. In fact, there was almost none at all; The Wranglers hunted for kind things to say. All efforts, however feeble, were encouraged.

The payoff came about 20 years later, when some alumnus made an analysis of his classmates' careers. Of all the bright young talent in The Stranglers, not one had made a literary reputation of any kind. Out of The Wranglers had come half a dozen successful writers, some of national prominence, led by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, who wrote *The Yearling*. Coincidence? Hardly. The amount of basic talent in the two groups was much the same. But The Wranglers gave one another a lift. The Stranglers promoted self-criticism, self-disparagement, self-doubt. In choosing a name for themselves, they had been wiser than they knew.

Awareness of the power of affection to unlock human capabilities is at least 2,000 years old ("*A new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another. . .*"). But affection is not much good unless it is expressed. What's more, I have a notion that unexpressed feelings have a tendency to shrink, wither, and ultimately die. Putting an emotion into words gives it a life and a reality that otherwise it doesn't have.

Reading those old letters left me with the uncomfortable feeling that in this department of living we are far less wise than our ancestors. I would say that, on the whole, modern men are worse offenders than modern women. They have arrived, somehow, at the conviction that it is unmanly to show emotion. Most wives, I'm sure, complain at some time or another about the lack of endearments, of the small romantic gestures that were so common in the courtship period. To which the husband is likely to reply:

"You know perfectly well I love you. Why do I have to keep proving it all the time?"

Being more intuitive than her life-

companion, the wife knows that affection is not a static thing, that it either increases or decreases, and that *stating* it now and then gives it a chance to grow and expand.

Similarly, expressing confidence in a person's ability to accomplish something actually strengthens that ability. Once, visiting a college classmate who has made an outstanding mark in life, I happened to open a book in his library. It was a birthday gift from his mother, and it was inscribed, "With love and pride for my son, who has done great things and will do greater yet." I was reminded of this the other day when Charles Dumas became the first athlete to high-jump seven feet. His mother, apparently, was not surprised. "I just told him," she said later, "to go out there and jump seven feet!" Whereupon he rose, you might say, to the occasion.

Emerson, that incredible old nutshell-putter, has said, "Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can." He might have added that the best method for this somebody to use would be simply to expect us to achieve and then let us know about it. The human animal is a strange creature: it will often make more of an effort to please someone else than it will to please itself.

The expression of affection does quite a lot, I think, for the person who expresses it; people who give admiration and affection get back—if what they give is spontaneous and sincere. People are irresistibly drawn to "warm" people. And what is a warm person, except one who instinctively takes the checkrein off his emotions and enthusiasms when dealing with people he cares about? Such warmth is contagious. If even one member of an indifferent family can recapture it, it will spread imperceptibly to the others, until the decline of intimacy is halted.

So, while I found no valuable stamps or rare autographs in those dusty trunks in the attic, I took away a legacy in the form of a question to ask myself from time to time. To be manifestly loved, to be openly admired are human needs as basic as breathing. Why, then, wanting them so much ourselves, do we deny them so often to others?

Why, indeed?

*To provide balanced diets
and to meet threats of famine,
scientists developed . . .*

The 3-Cent Meal

By HERMAN B. TEETER



*Proteins, vitamins, and minerals are provided in the
Multi-Purpose Food this Korean family eats. As a meal supplement,
it means extra growth and weight for children.*

IN THIS age of spectacular advance in technology, the fact that hunger and starvation still stalk two thirds of the world's population rarely makes big news. Even less publicized has been an inexpensive, nourishing substance which looks more like sawdust than the palatable, versatile food it has proved to be.

Multi-Purpose Food, distributed by Meals for Millions, a not-for-profit foundation in Los Angeles, Calif.,† costs only 1½¢ an ounce—and two ounces provide proteins, vitamins, and minerals equal to those in a quarter-pound steak, plus a baked potato, a side dish of peas, and a glass of milk.

MPF is a mixture of good quality protein plus all the necessary vitamins and minerals. The protein and some vitamin-mineral content is provided by millions of pounds of soybean grits left after making margarine. It can be stored dry without refrigeration and may be eaten hot or cold, cooked or uncooked. It can be cooked like porridge, or used as an additive to rice, eggs, milk, Navaho slap-it-again bread, or Congo crocodile soup.

There were, and still are, scoffers. But The Methodist Church, working through its missionaries and Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief,* has distributed millions of the 3¢ meals. The program is by no means Methodist, although the church was a pioneer among some 200 relief and

religious organizations sending MPF to over 100 countries.

One of the earliest Methodist projects was launched in Georgetown, Texas, where worshipers contributed the price of a normal Sunday meal and then were fed a meal prepared from MPF. Their money provided some 17,000 MPF meals.

A Methodist missionary going back to her post in India packed a few cans of MPF in her luggage. The Indian government became interested when it found that children on a "normal" diet gained only an average of .1 inch in height and 3.5 pounds in weight during a 90-day test period, while children receiving a fraction of an ounce of MPF as a supplement showed an average gain of .8 inch and 8.9 pounds. Today, India is manufacturing its own MPF from peanut meal.

Contributions from individuals and churches through MCOR (which enables a church to receive Advance Special credit) and other agencies make it possible for hundreds of tons of MPF to go to hospitals, schools, tuberculosis sanitariums, and institutions for the blind.

The story of MPF goes back more than 15 years to Clifford E. Clinton, the son of missionaries, who saw many die of starvation in China. The operator of a prosperous chain of restaurants in California, he approached the California Institute of Technology with a proposition: "Could they come up with an inexpensive food that could be easily shipped and stored and would be

acceptable to all religious and racial groups?" He backed the request with a personal check for \$5,000.

One of Cal-Tech's top biochemists, Dr. Henry Borsook, struck pay dirt when he found the margarine manufacturers had no further use for what was left of the soybeans after extracting the oil. The residue, usually sold for livestock food supplements, or fertilizer, is extremely high in protein, an important body-building element. MPF was particularly suitable for protein-poor tropical areas where starches make up the diet. In Pakistan, it was discovered, the base could be cotton seed or mustard seed; in the Philippines, fish meal; in Iraq, sesame seeds and dates.

One who has seen MPF work wonders is Donald F. Ebright, a Methodist minister who served as India's director of refugee and famine relief from 1947 to 1952. He is now director of extension services for Meals for Millions Foundation.

"While many people have heard, in general terms, of MPF, very few are aware of what our two-pronged program really means," he says. "First, it is famine relief; second, a long-term program of prevention of starvation through utilization of indigenous materials in foreign lands."

The important point, the foundation insists, is that mankind now has the tools, the technology, and resources to conquer the world's hunger. Only a few cents a day can enable the child who walks today on stiff, swollen legs to run and play with his friends tomorrow.

† Write to Meals for Millions, 215 W. 7th St., Los Angeles 14, Calif., for literature and share-bank stickers.

* Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N.Y.

John Wesley Completes a Decision



John Wesley is a man to know! Physically, this Oxford University don and clergyman stood five foot four—but to Poet Laureate Robert Southey he towered as the 18th century's "most influential mind." His "societies," originally reform groups within the Church of England, were to become a new denomination: *Methodist*. It began in 1784 at Baltimore, USA, with Wesley's reluctant approval. His decision was 40 years in the making—evolving through four phases:

1 It's 1744. London. Six years ago, John Wesley's heart was "strongly wormed" at Aldersgate. Now, he meets with five Anglican clergymen and four laymen in Methodism's first conference. They are worried. Churches bar pulpits even to ordained men because they are Methodists. Unrebuked mobs stone his street preachers. Someone asks Wesley: When you die, will your societies leave the Church of England to form a new sect? He thinks not—but with a touch of prophecy adds: "unless they be thrust out."



2 It's 1746. Wesley is jogging from London to Bristol. As he rides, he reads Lord King's "Enquiry into . . . the Primitive Church that Flourish'd Within the First Three Hundred Years After Christ." It's a shocker. Wesley's own church holds for three orders: (1) deacons, (2) presbyters or elders (ordained, i.e., able to give the Lord's Supper), and (3) bishops (in succession from the apostles). This book says there are only two orders—deacons and presbyters; that bishops are merely presbyters set apart for administrative tasks. Wesley is convinced by King's book, he confides to his diary, "in spite of the vehement prejudice of my education." Later he would write: "I firmly believe I am a scriptural episcopos [bishop] as much as any man in England or in Europe." And as for uninterrupted apostolic succession, he denounced it as "a fable, which no man ever did or can prove."

It Has the Seal of God's Approval

By F. GERALD ENSLEY

Bishop, Iowa Area, The Methodist Church



WHEN CHURCHMEN gather to discuss the ministry, their opinions tend to polarize about two extremes, for convenience termed the "Catholic" and the "Protestant."

The Catholic looks on the ministry as a *status*. When a bishop, standing in the historic succession to the apostles, places his hands upon the ordinand, he is no longer as other men are. He receives a mysterious, indelible sanctity that sets him forever apart.

The Protestant regards the ministry not as a unique *order* but as a *function*. The clergyman's warrant is his conduct; his ordination merely ratifies the call he has heard; the Holy Spirit is the source of his authority.

MR. WESLEY: PREACHING AT WEDNESBURY

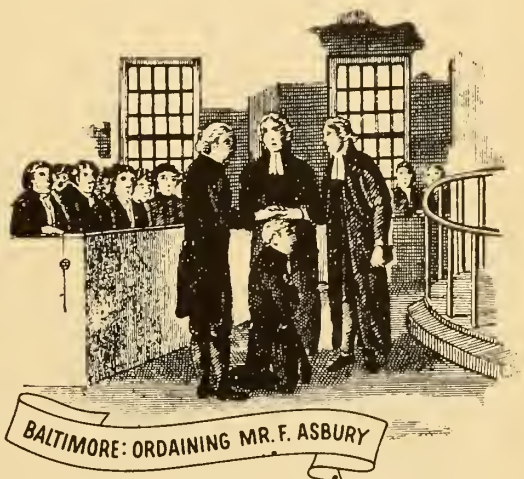


3

Now, 1758. Persecution of Methodists continues, but Wesley will not agree to being "thrust out." He publishes *Twelve Reasons Against Separating from the Church of England*—but it contains this revealing admission: "... it is by no means expedient for us to separate." He is coming to see the Established Church as a "national church," or "a political institution." As for Methodists, he would later say, "Church or no church, we must attend to the work of saving souls." Of such, he felt, is the true Catholic Church which he described as "all persons in the Universe whom God hath so called . . . to be 'one Body, united by 'one Spirit,' having 'one faith,' one hope, one baptism, one God and Father.'" Theologically, Wesley is ready for separation, not psychologically. In 1758 it is "by no means expedient."

4

Finally, 1784, crisis year. Washington's army had triumphed three years before at Yorktown. America is independent—despite Wesley. Typically Tory, he had written "A Calm Address to Our American Colonies" which calmed no one and infuriated many. But American Methodism had grown steadily, even during the Revolution! Now, in 1784, there are 15,000 members. They ask for ordained ministers. Wesley requests Lowth, bishop of London, to provide them—for no church in America has a bishop. He is refused. Tension mounts. So, John Wesley acts. With theological scruples resolved long ago, he decides this is the expedient time. As a "scriptural bishop," he names his fellow clergyman, Dr. Thomas Coke, his "superintendent" for America with instructions also to "set apart" Francis Asbury as co-superintendent. This is done at the Christmas Conference, 1784, at Lovely Lane Chapel, Baltimore. [See Wesley's historic message, page 32.] So, the first of all Methodist churches is born—the Methodist Episcopal Church (in 1939 to become The Methodist Church)—with the "superintendents" called by their older name, "bishops" . . . It took Wesley 40 years to move from first doubts to decision. How important it proved is documented by the fact that around the world today are 42.5 million "people called Methodists."



John Wesley began his ecclesiastical career on the Catholic side. His father was a High Churchman in the Anglican Church; his brothers remained so. At the start, Wesley believed in the apostolic succession, restricted marriage for the clergy, baptismal regeneration, and a real Presence in the Eucharist or Lord's Supper. But his views slowly changed. While he was loyal to the Church of England to the last, he steadily moved in his beliefs and practices toward the Protestant end of the spectrum. The Methodist Episcopal Church in America,¹ child of his old age, was unmistakably Protestant.

What caused the change?

First of all, as Wesley studied the Bible and the records of the early Church, he found little support for his High Church views. The familiar orders of bishops, priests, and deacons he found "plainly described in the New Testament" and generally obtaining

in the apostolic age; but "the Holy Writ nowhere asserts that God designed that the same plan of ministry should prevail in all churches throughout the ages." Wesley confessed "the episcopal form of government to be both scriptural and apostolic, I mean, agreeing with the practice and writings of the apostles. But that it is prescribed in Scripture I do not believe."²

As for the divine right of episcopacy, he said it had never been heard of in the primitive Church. While he thought the episcopal polity the best in Christendom, it is optional as a form of church government, belonging not to the *esse* but the *bene esse* of the Church.

The only assured result, ministrywise, of Wesley's New Testament studies (supplemented by two volumes on the primitive Church by Lord Chancellor Peter King³ and Edward Stillingfleet⁴) was that "bishops" and

¹ For a succinct history of the former Methodist Episcopal Church's founding at the Christmas Conference in Lovely Lane Chapel, Baltimore, Md., in 1784, see the 175th Anniversary Issue of *TOGETHER*, November, 1959. The three main bodies of American Methodism, which had split because of the slavery and other issues, were reunited in 1939 as The Methodist Church, which now has 10,153,003 members.

² The Works of John Wesley (Grand Rapids, Mich.: Zondervan Publishing House), Vol. XIII, page 211.

³ Peter King (1669-1734), a theologian and British lord chancellor, wrote *Account of the Primitive Church*, the book that first convinced Wesley. See item 2 in the introduction, above. Works, Vol. XIII, page 251.

⁴ Edward Stillingfleet (1635-99) was Anglican bishop of Worcester. He looked upon the form of church government as nonessential. Works, Vol. XIII, page 211.

APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION is the continuity of the Christian ministry from the 12 apostles through present-day bishops. Roman Catholics, Orthodox, and Anglicans have three distinct orders—bishops, priests, deacons. The majority of Protestant churches in the Reformation eliminated the office of bishop and revived the authority of the congregation.

In The Methodist Church, a bishop is simply a minister having higher administrative duties.

"presbyters" (elders) were originally the same. The terms are used interchangeably in the earliest documents.⁵ While in most cases the bishops were presbyters who exercised oversight, they were not of a different order from their brethren. They were merely the helmsmen of the ecclesiastical craft.

As to the apostolical succession, Wesley pronounced it a fable that no one can prove. As to the primacy of Peter,⁶ as a later scholar was to inquire, how could the sons of Zebedee have asked for the first and second places in the kingdom if first place had already been assigned to Peter? So Wesley could write to a colleague: "I firmly believe that I am a scriptural *episcopos*, as much as any man in England or Europe."⁷ To his brother Charles, he confided that he had as good a right to ordain as to administer the Lord's Supper.

In the second place, Wesley's experience as an evangelist over many years convinced him that gifts and graces counted for more than status when it came to saving men. While his Methodist lay preachers had never had an episcopal hand upon their heads, the fox-hunting parsons and absentee rectors of the Established Church could not touch them in evangelistic effectiveness. Wesley had had some brushes with a few Anglican bishops in his time who were anything but saintly. He must have wondered how a bishop not sacred in character could give sanctity to a minister.

Gradually Wesley came to realize that a minister is not constituted by a vote of an ecclesiastical body or the imposition of a bishop's hands. It is in the witness of his own life that he has been saved and that he can lead others to the light. After all, a ministry is not apostolic by virtue of apostolic succession but apostolic success!

The Methodist Church of America continues the familiar threefold ministry of the Church of England—*deacons, elders, bishops*—but, characteristically, grounds them functionally.⁸ The elder and the deacon, his helper, are qualified by the ministerial vote of the annual conference, which is the only judge of their qualifications. While the bishop has the sole power to ordain, he

exercises the right only after the conference judges the candidate worthy. He is but an elder invested by the church with certain executive powers in addition to those of ordination. While the authority of the Methodist *episcopos* is great, its source is practical, stemming more from his relation to the appointments than to the apostles!

While Wesley had been convinced for years that he had the right to ordain, he withheld his hand until a crisis in American Methodism arose in the post-Revolutionary War period. For a long time, his converts had been denied the Sacraments—some deliberately excluded by unsympathetic Church of England priests; others failing to receive because parish churches were unequipped to serve the hosts of Methodists.

When the Revolution ended with Lord Charles Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown in 1781, there were 18,000 in John Wesley's "societies"—but without ordained clergy to baptize the children and to give the Sacraments. Wesley had applied to the bishop of London to ordain ministers for his societies and was refused. The Anglicans opposed his plan to bring in an Orthodox bishop to ordain.⁹ At last, he took the matter in his own hands.

"Judging this to be a case of real necessity," he wrote, "I took a step which, for peace and quietness, I had refrained from taking for many years. I exercised that power which I am persuaded the Great Shepherd and Bishop of the Church has given me. . . . If anyone will point out a more rational and scriptural way of feeding and guiding those poor sheep in the wilderness, I will gladly embrace it. At present I cannot see any better method than I have taken."

This insistence on practical effectiveness touches the essential. It harmonizes with the spirit of Him who said that his disciples were to be judged by their fruits and that the greatest of all should be the servant of all. Status does not confer ability; the stuffed shirt was as familiar to Wesley as to us. All the bishops in the world cannot make a useful minister out of a man whom God did not call and who is wanting in the elementary gifts and graces. In a competitive age, when the church is beset by many and great adversaries, it will be pathetic if matters of pedigree become either individually or collectively decisive. Why should the church tolerate a man, unless he can preach?

The New Testament bears precious witness to the way the first Christians met *their* problems. But we must not say that the forms they found useful are binding for eternity in an ever-changing world. Every generation must be free to test methods by their consequences.

There is little hope of ecumenical co-operation—and it is uppermost in Christian thinking in these days—if it be insisted that one strain in the Christian tradition has a monopoly of grace and every valid ministry must bow to it. The better ministers will accept reordination in about the way a faithful father would the announcement that he ought to be remarried to his wife, in order to save their children from illegitimacy.

⁹ So strong was the official stand against the former colonies that the British government—which controlled the Established Church—refused immediately after the Revolutionary War to allow the consecration of any bishop for America, or to send clergymen. And when the U.S. Protestant Episcopal Church was founded as an offshoot of the Church of England, its first bishop was Samuel Seabury—who had been refused consecration in England so obtained it from the Episcopal Church of Scotland (which is independent of the Established Church in England).

⁵ The origin of the church ministry is shrouded in historical confusion. The New Testament contains nothing to indicate that the Seventy had any permanent basis or that the seven deacons were anything more than lay helpers for the apostles. The terms *episcopos* (bishop) and *presbyteros* (priest or elder) seem to have been used interchangeably in the early years of the Church. In the first century or two, the bishop was essentially the pastor of a local church.

⁶ See Did Jesus give first place to Peter? by Bishop T. Otto Nall, *Twentieth Century*, December, 1962, page 52.

⁷ Works of John Wesley, Vol. XIII, page 253.

⁸ In England, however, the Methodist Church (organized from Wesleyan societies after John Wesley's death in 1791) does not have bishops. There are 750,000 members in Britain and some 300,000 more overseas.

"If thine *heart* be as my heart," said Wesley, "then give me thine hand."¹⁰ The ecumenical movement will succeed in the measure that substance takes priority over form.

While we of the free Protestant tradition place function above status, we must not forget the complementary truth that status enhances function. When a man becomes president of the United States he is intrinsically the same individual as before. But how his influence is multiplied by virtue of his high office and the fact he stands in awesome tradition of Washington and Lincoln!

Very interestingly, after Wesley had appointed Dr. Thomas Coke to be general superintendent for the work in America, Coke asked that Wesley *ordain* him to the office. For, as he wrote to Wesley, "I may want all the influence in America that you can throw into my scale. . . . It is well to provide against all events, and an

¹⁰ A variation of this quotation regularly appears in *TOGETHER*. [See page 74.]

authority *formally* received from you will be fully admitted by the people. . . ." For sheer effectiveness' sake, Coke wanted to identify himself as closely to the head of Methodism's apostolic succession as he could!

The ideal ministry is one that conjoins the authority of past tradition with the present signs of an apostle. When Paul's ministry was under attack in Galatia and his adversaries belittled his claims to apostleship, he met them with two irrefutable facts. The first was a historical connection with the Founder of our faith on a Damascus road. The second was that the Christ he had encountered that day had blessed his ministry with an apostle's success—the seal of God's approval.

Historical association and present spiritual effectiveness—on these he built his claims to be a minister of Christ. In the measure we combine them, our ministry will be crowned with rich and permanent success and the church we serve will consummate that unity which is its appointed end.



Dr. Coke, Mr. Asbury, and Our Brethren in North America

Bristol, September 10, 1784.

By a very uncommon train of providences, many of the provinces of North America are totally disjoined from their mother country, and erected into independent states. The English government has no authority over them, either civil or ecclesiastical, any more than over the states of Holland. A civil authority is exercised over them, partly by the Congress, partly by the provincial assemblies. But no one either exercises or claims any ecclesiastical authority at all. In this peculiar situation, some thousands of the inhabitants of these states desire my advice; and in compliance with their desire, I have drawn up a little sketch.

Lord King's *Account of the Primitive Church* convinced me many years ago that bishops and presbyters are the same order, and consequently have the same right to ordain. For many years I have been importuned, from time to time, to exercise this right, by ordaining part of our travelling preachers. But I have still refused, not only for peace' sake but because I was determined as little as possible to violate the established order of the national church to which I belonged.

But the case is widely different between England and North America. Here there are bishops who have a legal jurisdiction: in America there are none, neither any parish ministers. So that for some hundred miles together, there is none, either to baptize, or to administer the Lord's Supper. Here, therefore, my scruples are at an end; and I conceive myself at full liberty, as I violate no order, and invade no man's right, by appointing and sending labourers into the harvest.

I have accordingly appointed Dr. Coke and Mr. Francis Asbury to be joint superintendents over

our brethren in North America; as also Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey to act as elders among them, by baptizing and administering the Lord's Supper. And I have prepared a liturgy, little differing from that of the Church of England, (I think, the best constituted national church in the world) which I advise all the travelling preachers to use on the Lord's day, in all the congregations, reading the litany only on Wednesdays and Fridays, and praying extempore on all other days. I also advise the elders to administer the Supper of the Lord on every Lord's day.

If any one will point out a more rational and scriptural way of feeding and guiding these poor sheep in the wilderness, I will gladly embrace it. At present, I cannot see any better method than that I have taken.

It has, indeed, been proposed to desire the English bishops to ordain part of our preachers for America. But to this I object:

1. I desired the bishop of London to ordain only one; but could not prevail.

2. If they consented, we know the slowness of their proceedings; but the matter admits of no delay.

3. If they would ordain them now, they would likewise expect to govern them. And how grievously would this entangle us!

4. As our American brethren are not totally entangled both from the state, and from the English hierarchy, we dare not entangle them again, either with the one or the other.

They are now at full liberty, simply to follow the Scriptures and the primitive church. And we judge it best that they should stand fast in that liberty wherewith God has so strangely made them free.

(Signed) *John Wesley*



JOHN WESLEY:

He Laid Methodism's Cornerstone

By WILLIAM R. CANNON

Dean, Candler School of Theology
Emory University, Atlanta, Ga.

NO. 5

in a Series on

OUR METHODIST
HERITAGE

JOHN WESLEY was the least denominational and, therefore, the most ecumenical of all the major Protestant figures.

Whereas Luther,¹ Zwingli, and Calvin each emphasized a peculiar tenet of Christian doctrine and magnified those issues which separated them and their followers from everyone else, Wesley minimized doctrinal differences and stressed the love of God and neighbor through purity of life in Jesus Christ, which alone can unite mankind into one family.

"Would to God," he wrote, "that all party names and unscriptural phrases and forms which have divided the Christian world were forgot, and that we might all agree to sit down together, as humble, loving disciples, at the feet of our common Master, to hear his word, to imbibe his Spirit, and to transcribe his life on our own!"

He was so busy promoting scriptural holiness and seeking to rectify the abuses and injustices of his day that he had no time for petty differences of opinion, but eagerly sought moral and spiritual help from any quarter.

"I deserve to have a league offensive and defensive with every soldier of Christ. We have not only one faith, one hope, one Lord but are directly engaged in one warfare. We are carrying the war into the devil's own quarters, who, therefore, summons all his hosts to war. Come, then, ye that love Him, to help the Lord, to help the Lord against the mighty!"

There is no more tolerant and appreciative statement anywhere than Wesley's letter to John Newton,² when he comments on the accusation leveled against him that he was a papist.³ "What if he proved that I was a whole papist? Is Thomas a Kempis, Mr. De Renty, Gregory Lopez⁴ gone to hell? Believe it who can. Yet still of

such (though papists), the same is my brother and sister and mother."

The founder of Methodism stipulated only two conditions for membership in his society: (1) the anxious desire "to flee from the wrath to come," that is, to be delivered from sin and its evil consequences; and (2) the eagerness to live a righteous and godly life, pleasing to God and beneficial to man. His theology was the theology of the Bible, especially of the New Testament.

Wesley himself never separated from the Church of England, and he advised his British followers never to do so, either. He wrote in his later years, "I never had any design of separating from the Church of England. I have no such design now. I do not believe the Methodists in general design it when I am no more seen. I do, and will do, all in my power to prevent such an event. Nevertheless, in spite of all I can do, many of them will separate from it. . . . These will be so bold as to form a separate party, which, consequently, will dwindle away into a dry, dull, separate sect."

Only the exigencies of a foreign situation, occasioned by the separation of a new nation from England, led Wesley to establish the Methodist Church in America.⁵

This church is free from creedal restrictions. Its doctrinal standards are 25 Articles of Religion, 24 of which are from the 39 Articles of the Church of England. Its General Rules do not seek to dictate men's beliefs but to regulate their lives according to God's own purpose, declared in his "written Word, which is the only rule, and the sufficient rule, both for our faith and practice."

John Wesley's own definition of the Methodist church is "a company of men having the form and seeking the power of godliness, united in order to pray together, to receive the Word of exhortation, and to watch over one another in love, that they may help each other to work out their salvation."

He could, therefore, in all honesty say of his movement: "There is no other religious society under heaven which requires nothing of men in order to their admis-

¹ Martin Luther (1483-1546) was a German monk who precipitated the Reformation. He was the first person featured in Our Methodist Heritage series [see Martin Luther—Greatest of Reformers, October, 1962, page 17]. Ulrich Zwingli (1484-1531) started the Reformation in Switzerland. John Calvin (1509-64), a French Protestant, was the theocratic leader of the Reformation in Geneva, Switzerland. Denying free will, he taught the doctrine of predestination, whereby an elect would attain salvation while all others would be eternally damned. English Puritans, Scotch Presbyterians, the Huguenots, and the Rhineland Reformed Churches all adopted his strict moral code and theological principles.

² John Newton (1725-1807) was an evangelical divine and hymnologist. He was a Calvinist.

³ A disparaging term, used in referring to an ardent partisan of the pope.

⁴ Writers and commentators on theology Thomas a Kempis had influenced Wesley. Lopez (1611-87), whose native name was A-lu, was the first Roman Catholic Chinese bishop.

⁵ The church organized in Baltimore, Md., at the Christmas Conference, 1784, was called the Methodist Episcopal Church. It did not "dwindle away," but has become The Methodist Church with 10.1 million members. There are 42.5 million adherents of Wesley scattered throughout the world. [See And So, The Methodist Church Starts, November, 1959, page 28.]



A typical pose of John Wesley—man-on-the-go to revitalize souls—is this statue at Wesley Seminary, Washington, D.C. The original is at the New Room, Methodism's first chapel, at Bristol, England.

sion into it but a desire to save their souls. Look all round you; you cannot be admitted into the church, or society of the Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Quakers, or any others, unless you hold the same opinions with them, and adhere to the same mode of worship.

"The Methodists alone do not insist on your holding this or that opinion; but they think and let think. Neither do they impose any particular mode of worship . . . Now, I do not know any other religious society, either ancient or modern, wherein such liberty of conscience is now allowed, or has been allowed, since the age of the apostles. Here is our glorying; and a glorying peculiar to us. What society shares it with us?"

This catholic spirit, which made Wesley tolerant, even appreciative, of the opinions of others, was allied to a passionate social concern that led him to champion the dispossessed and underprivileged, and caused him to effect a moral revolution in English society comparable to the political revolution in France. By his action, he made good his assertion: "Christianity is essentially a social religion; to turn it into a solitary religion is indeed to destroy it."

A definite pattern marked his preaching in this area of social concern, and he did not deviate from it through-

out his 53-year ministry. This pattern is threefold:

1. A prophetic denunciation of what he took to be the three most dangerous enemies of the people—war, slavery, and the abuse of wealth and class privilege.

2. An admonition to people, if they were well-to-do, to live simply and frugally as though they were poor and to give generously to help the needy; and, if they were poor, not to blame the rich but rather by hard work and thrift to improve their own lot.

3. An assertion of the Christian ethic applicable to every area of life—which led Wesley to criticize the liquor traffic, to insist on temperance (in eating as well as drinking), to urge men to be fair and charitable in business practices, and to require justice in both politics and economics.

True nobility does not, in the opinion of John Wesley, lie in titles and land but rather in disposition of soul. Robert Burns expressed his thought exactly:

*The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that.*

Out of such preaching, the British populace found its soul, and the social zeal of the prophet overflowed into the national actions and habits of his people.

Abolition of the slave trade, reform of the penal code and improvement of the prison system, emancipation of the laborer and humanizing the Industrial Revolution, equal representation in government and establishment of true democracy, and impartiality in administering of justice under law—all which we now take for granted in England and America—are linked directly to Wesley's preaching. To a degree that few persons realize, his prophetic ministry inspired these heritages.

The last letter John Wesley wrote—only six days before he died—was to Wilbur Wilberforce, the "English Emancipator" of slaves and one of Wesley's own spiritual sons.

In it he said, "Unless the Divine Power has raised you up to be as Athanasius, *contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise in opposing that execrable villainy which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. . . . Go on in the name of God and in the power of his might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it."

As fine a statement on liberty as we have in the English language is from the pen of Wesley: "Give liberty to whom liberty is due, that is to every child of man, to every partaker of human nature. Let none serve you but by his own act and deed, by his own voluntary choice. Away with all whips, all chains, all compulsion. Be gentle toward all men."

Wesley's social concern presupposed a rigid personal discipline, a self-control that amounted to self-mastery. "He that overcometh himself," he was fond of quoting from Scripture, "is greater than he that taketh a city." The founder of Methodism budgeted his time as carefully as a parsimonious housewife budgets her money, and he planned each day with the foresight and skill of an architect designing a building. Every moment of his working day was accounted for.

Such a man, so careful of himself in every particular, might well have become a spiritual prig. Indeed, as a young man at Oxford University and in Georgia, Wesley

STILL TO COME IN THIS SERIES

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was such a person. When he and his companions in the Holy Club visited the jails at Oxford, they seldom asked what good effects their mission had on the prisoners. Rather, their concern was whether they had improved their own souls. It is little wonder that Cauton, a magistrate in Savannah, accused Wesley of causing all manner of dissension among the colonists. In Wesley's own early opinion, he was always better than anyone else.

This is the inevitable outcome of a conscious stress on holiness, given no higher interpretation than conduct controlled by human will and conformable to a single human pattern. John Wesley did not make himself into a saint. He became saintly through the power of God's own Spirit, poured into his life at Aldersgate and daily renewed and increased by prayer, self-denial, and service as Wesley lived with God all the rest of his life.

The beauty of his goodness was that he himself was entirely unconscious of it. The Christian perfection he preached to others he never claimed for himself. What good there was in him was left for others to discover; he was content to trust God for everything and to exert himself with all his might to give God to the people.

As an old man, he was invited by the bishop of London to a dinner party. Many guests were present. Each was to be seated according to his rank. The bishop insisted that John Wesley, a simple priest, precede him to the table. Wesley demurred. The bishop turned to the company and said: "May I follow in that good man's steps into the kingdom of heaven!"

John Wesley's doctrine of Christian perfection, which is the most distinctive theological feature of Methodism and yet which causes much discussion and difference of opinion among our people, is really no more than the assertion that *human conduct must be motivated entirely by God, and that God's only motive in doing everything is the motive of love*. Therefore, human action, for the Christian, ought to spring only from the motive of love. That is why our only spiritual ambition should be, as it was Wesley's, to progress to the state of pure love toward all people in this life. *We should pray to be made to love others as God loves us*.

The power that effects such holiness is Jesus Christ. As Wesley explained it, "The holiest of men still need Christ, as their Prophet, as 'the Light of the world.' For he does not give them light, but from moment to mo-

ment. The instant he withdraws, all is darkness. They still need Christ as their king; for God does not give them a stock of holiness. But unless they receive a supply every moment, nothing but unholiness would remain. They still need Christ as their Priest, to make atonement for their holy things. Even perfect holiness is acceptable to God only through Jesus Christ."

It is amazing that so spiritual a person as John Wesley was at the same time so practical—a genius both at organization and administration.

George Whitefield was content to preach and win converts. Then he moved on to another place and left his converts to find their own way into the Church. Not Wesley! Immediately after people made their decision for Christ, he organized them into societies. Then each society was divided into classes of no more than 12 persons, including a leader. The leader kept in weekly touch with the members of his class; the itinerant preacher in charge of the society, with the leaders; and John Wesley, with the itinerant preachers. He was a good shepherd who knew all about his sheep.

Wesley became publisher, editor, teacher, educator, even physician to his people. He made money out of his religious projects, but he put every cent into his societies. When he came to the end of his career, he was able to leave far more to posterity than money or the memory of a great preacher and pious leader. He bequeathed to those who came after him the Methodist Church.

John Wesley was a "man for any season." He was a multiple genius, a religious Leonardo da Vinci—theologian, scholar, preacher, organizer, promoter, administrator, businessman, prophet of the Word of God, a priest to the people of England, whom he loved.

Small wonder, then, that the heritage of his thought has shepherded a worldwide movement which today has 42.5 million adherents!

METHODISTS have been reading about John Wesley for more than 200 years, and this energetic Oxford scholar continues to amaze. Among the many features TOGETHER has carried which light up his personality, his thought, and his work are:

Luther and Wesley, October, 1956, page 26.
John Wesley (portrait), by Frank O. Salisbury, May, 1957, page 1.
Circuit Rider of the Centuries, by William F. McDermott, May, 1957, page 12.
What Would Wesley Stand For Today? by T. Otto Nall, May, 1957, page 16.
Where the Wesleys Visited America (color pictorial), July, 1957, page 2.
The Wesleys in Georgia (watercolors), by Floyd A. Johnson, September, 1957, page 34.
Mother of Methodism (Susanna Wesley), by H. B. Teeter, April, 1958, page 74.
Backtracking John Wesley, by Romey Pitt Marshall (pictorial tour in England), July, 1958, page 33.
A Faith to Live By, by Bishop Gerald Kennedy, March, 1959, page 30.
His Mother Called Him 'Jackie', November, 1959, page 16.
Old Epworth Rectory (color pictorial), March, 1962, page 37.
Wesley's 'Doctrine of Christian Perfection', by Claude H. Thompson, May, 1962, page 45.

The South: *A Society in Transition*

*A pastor reviews problems and opportunities
precipitated by the crisis in race relations.*

By DOW KIRKPATRICK

I AM PROUD of our southern ministers. I admire them for the way they have conducted themselves, particularly during the past few difficult years. And I am convinced that, as a group, they have been as liberal on the race question as northern ministers would have been in those same pulpits.

We all realize, of course, that the world is not organized according to the principles of the kingdom of God, and that efforts to make it so are bound to be painful. As Christians, we are committed to make such efforts. In race relations, however, as many ill feelings are generated by the different approaches to solving the problem as by the problem itself.

These situations are not easy to judge. Many believe that more could be said and done by southern churchmen without damaging the understanding already achieved. To some extent, I agree with this.

I believe, for example, that the southern bishops could have given stronger leadership on this question during the past 10 years. I think the southern church would have moved faster if the bishops had moved faster, and I believe the bishops could have moved faster than they thought they could and without doing the damage they thought would result.

This, however, is a difference of opinion, not a matter of courage or conviction. Southern churchmen generally have moved at the rate they felt was consistent with steady progress.

It also is important to realize that just because things are quiet does not mean that nothing is happening. There are hundreds—thousands—of examples of constructive programs in communities throughout the South that are not publicized, and could not be publicized, without



Dow Kirkpatrick, pastor of First Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill., formerly was pastor of St. Mark's Methodist Church in Atlanta, Ga.

harming the effort that's being made.

A few years ago, to cite just one example, a group of chaplains in the institutions of one southern state began holding interracial meetings and touring some of the institutions as a group, even eating as an integrated group with officials of each institution. This was a significant forward step. Making this known to the public, however, would have resulted in pressure on state officials who had politely ignored the matter—and probably would have forced them to discontinue the project.

What I am willing to say about the southern minister, I am not willing to say about the southern politician. Here there has been a tragic default of leadership. The southern public has been deliberately deceived and grossly misled, and even now in many places is suffering agony because of this.

I am afraid I feel that southern politicians are no different from northern ones on this score. If it took the kind of talk to be elected

governor in Illinois or New York that it does in Mississippi and Alabama, that is the kind of talk we'd be hearing. The remedy comes when the public, aware of this, uses the power of the ballot to change leadership. It is clear to me that politicians follow the public—but that the public ought to be led by the church.

I also am convinced that:

A prophetic ministry is fulfilled only in the pastoral ministry.

Time after time, I have known pastors to speak the Word of God even when it directly challenges established thought and practice in a community. This ingredient is essential in any effective ministry.

I have only recently come to First Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill., where the laymen take an unusual pride in their "free pulpit." This tradition continues from the years when newspapers and pseudopatriot organizations vigorously attacked Dr. Ernest Fremont Tittle's prophetic preaching. More than once the official board urged Dr. Tittle to continue to preach according to his convictions. "We do not expect or desire a minister simply to echo the opinions of the congregation . . ." one such resolution declared.

This obligation of the preacher to speak contrary to positions held by his own members is not something unique in Evanston; it grows out of the very nature of a true Christian church. It is something every layman should vigorously insist on. For the minister must keep before his people the uncompromising teachings of the Gospel and its message of the brotherhood of all men.

In the South, where many laws are not compatible with Christian beliefs, and also in the North, where unwritten laws just as effectively block achievement of the ideal, it is the function of the Christian church

to work for that which is the will of God. Even when the legal situation seems to be fair and just, we cannot assume that we have a Christian society or that Christian conduct is guaranteed in all relationships.

AT THE same time, I do not know a man in the world who can stand in a pulpit and deal effectively with these issues apart from his love for his people and their love for him. Time and time again, parishioners have said to pastors, "I don't like what you say, I don't agree with you, but I respect you." To earn such respect as a prophet, of course, a pastor must spend hours in hospitals and homes ministering to his people.

Let me state a third conviction:

The role of laymen is strategic and indispensable.

A church is a community of believers who, individually as well as collectively, must witness in the world to be a redemptive force. There is no question in my mind that the church has been such a force on the race question.

But how, specifically, can laymen witness in a community? Let me share some ideas from Dr. John Letson, an active Methodist who came to Atlanta as superintendent of schools just a few months before the schools were to be desegregated. He cites five strategic factors that must be present in any community where such far-reaching social change takes place satisfactorily. Here they are:

1. *Moral and spiritual leadership early enough.* The timing, he says, is usually more important than exactly what is said. Religious leaders must speak when it is still clearly unpopular to do so—at a time when some recrimination is bound to result. Later than that, it is too late.

2. *Strong local administration.* That means a determined and intelligent mayor, city council, police force, and other officials or agencies responsible for law and order.

I remember telephoning a fellow minister in one community struggling with racial tension to see if we could help in any way. He said: "I'm very encouraged tonight; the mayor and chief of police are reasonable men, but one stubborn councilman stands in the way of a solution."

3. *A good school system.* This,

Dr. Letson says, includes the superintendent, the principals, board members, teachers, and students—all of whom must support efforts to interpret change and let the community know ahead of time what will happen. A shift of established social patterns will not come smoothly if it happens suddenly and people do not know what it will mean.

4. *A responsible press.* The power of mass media is indisputable, and as essential as an enlightened school system in conditioning a community for change. We in Atlanta were fortunate to have such newspapermen as Ralph McGill, publisher of the *Atlanta Constitution*, who brings to his work the strong convictions of his own Christian faith.

5. *An outstanding Negro community.* How well I remember a magnificent declaration of human rights written by Negro students at Atlanta University and published as a full-page advertisement in the local papers. When it appeared, one elected official said that it must have been written in Moscow. He had lived all his life in Georgia and would have loudly declared that he "knew" the Negro. What he did not know was that his city of Atlanta has 4,000 Negro-university students and faculty of the quality necessary to produce such a document.

These five factors suggest, very directly, areas in which concerned laymen can work and witness for their Christian faith. Knowledge of them also helps us be more sympathetic to the Christians in other communities who have all the fire and moral courage to effect change—but lack the needed support from these community forces.

I have another conviction, too, which is sure to raise eyebrows. *I think the race problem probably will be solved in the South before it is in the North.*

Why? Primarily because southern people have a warm, person-to-person relationship with Negroes that I do not find in the North. In fact, I heard more snide remarks about the Negro and the Jew in the first few weeks I was back north than I heard all the time I lived in Georgia. It is the kind of thing infinitely more subtle than outright prejudice—and far more difficult to deal with.

The real agony of the South is to

preserve this warmth for Negroes while shifting it out of the traditional master-servant context and into a normal pattern of human relationships. The very families that would object to allowing Negroes to come to church for worship are the families that want to bring them as servants to weddings and to funerals, and have them sit in with the family.

Now that the familiar pattern of relationships is being shifted, even those in the South who have none of the old bitter racism are uneasy about how to operate in the new context. When you are with Negroes at a garden party for the first time, you may not have any prejudice, but you do have social insecurity.

Finally, I am convinced that *this is a great time for the church and for Christians.* Talk all you want about the good old days, I'll take today's challenge and excitement.

A few years ago a minister friend of mine from a church up east told me he desperately wanted to live in the South, but confessed: "I just couldn't come south; I couldn't live in a segregated society."

"Well," I said, "if everyone felt that way, we'd have no missionaries. If you're going to wait for the kingdom of God to come before you move, you might as well not come."

THAT story came freshly to my mind one night a couple of years ago as I visited in the home of a businessman who was being harassed because of forward positions he was taking in his company. The family had been receiving threatening phone calls and a cross had been burned on the lawn. As I talked with his wife, she suddenly said:

"Dow, I just wish you could be in a church where you would not have all these conflicts and could be relieved to do more creative things."

"That's not as appealing as it may sound," I replied.

"As you well know, when crosses are being burned in your front yard, you know you're not going to come up to the end of life and suddenly realize that you missed the whole point of it. You have the satisfaction of knowing that you were not off on the edge somewhere while the main show was going on."



Their emblem: A cross in a circle to signify fellowship; the guard, an open Bible.

AMERICAN DEACONESSES

75 Years of Shining Service

PERHAPS you won't know her when she passes you on the street—unless you happen to recognize the small pin she is wearing. She could be the radiant girl who greets you at a community center, or the smiling woman of middle years who nurses a trailer across desert wastelands. Her territory ranges from the green hills of Vermont to the tumbled mountains of West Virginia, from southern delta regions to Nebraska grasslands, from city slums to the remotest rural areas of America. Wherever she is, she goes about her work with unassuming dignity, attending to her mission—that of being a deaconess in The Methodist Church.

Methodists in general know little or nothing about her, and her numbers—only 400 in active service—are too few. Her motto is "Helping Others," and she keeps her feet firmly on the ground, for the realities of her work are challenging as well as rewarding. Her career with American Methodism started 75 years ago. A goal of 75 new deaconesses has been set for this anniversary year. [For the story of European deaconesses, see page 1].

What is a deaconess, and what are her qualifications? She is a specialist, but her work demands great versatility. Required: a healthy body, a bachelor's degree, a year of specialized training, and a year of probation. Most important, she should have given a sincere commitment to Christ and his way of life.

Bright new faces like that of Mary Lou Hutchinson are joining the deaconess movement. She's taking specialized studies at Scarritt.





Pioneers: 75 years ago, Lucy Rider Meyer (left) and Isabella Thoburn founded the Methodist deaconess movement in America. Their trainees went out to work on new social frontiers, to gain support and establish institutions that still exist.

They still seek new patterns in service...

THE TIMES were challenging enough in 1885 when the founding mother of the American Methodist deaconess movement, Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, began her work among the sick, needy, and poor of Chicago. In 1887, she opened a deaconess home with Isabella Thoburn as the superintendent. The following year, the General Conference of the former Methodist Episcopal Church formally recognized and authorized the deaconess movement.

Mrs. Meyer and Miss Thoburn were pioneers, but 75 years later there still is pioneer work to be done in the deaconess movement. This is aside from the established patterns: Methodist deaconesses as directors of Christian education, rural workers, social group workers, house parents, hospital nurses, teachers, and trained social workers, to name a few.

"There is much work to be done in the future with women in industry and in labor-management situations," says Miss Mary Lou Barnwell, executive secretary of the Methodist Commission on Deaconess Work. "Very little is being done for children with multiple handicaps, with predelinquents, with women in prison.... There are so many other needs awaiting the church's womanpower."

Mary Lou Barnwell heads the movement today. "The 1963 goal," she says, "is 75 new recruits, one for each year of our existence."





*Scarritt's famed bell tower backgrounds three new deaconess candidates.
From left: Phoebe Reynolds, Miss Hutchinson, and Lillian Coulter.*

"WHAT MUST I do to prepare myself for deaconess work?"

More and more interested inquiries of this nature—not only from college women but from high-school girls—were reaching commission headquarters in New York, even before the

75th-anniversary recruitment program got underway.

A prospective candidate is told to continue her education until she receives a degree. She can major in any one of many fields. Following graduation, she will undergo at least

a year's training, ordinarily at Scarritt College, Nashville, Tenn., or at one of the nation's many schools of theology. There she will study Bible, religious education, church history, and related subjects before becoming a Methodist deaconess.

From east to west,
and north to south...

*The soul of a child is the lovehest flower
That grows in the garden of God.
It climbs from weakness to knowledge
and power.
To the sky from the clay and the clod.*

With this poem by P. A. Hunt, one deaconess expressed her feeling toward the work she was doing with children. Like the four deaconesses shown on these pages, she is devoting her life to the spiritual, physical, and emotional welfare of little ones from broken homes.

*A deaconess directs games
during Bible-school recess outside
a church in West Virginia.*



*Children play ring-around-a-rosy
in the hall of a deaconess home...*



*...in the warm sunshine outside
a deaconess' trailer in Utah, and
in a summer day camp on the
rich farmlands of the Midwest.*







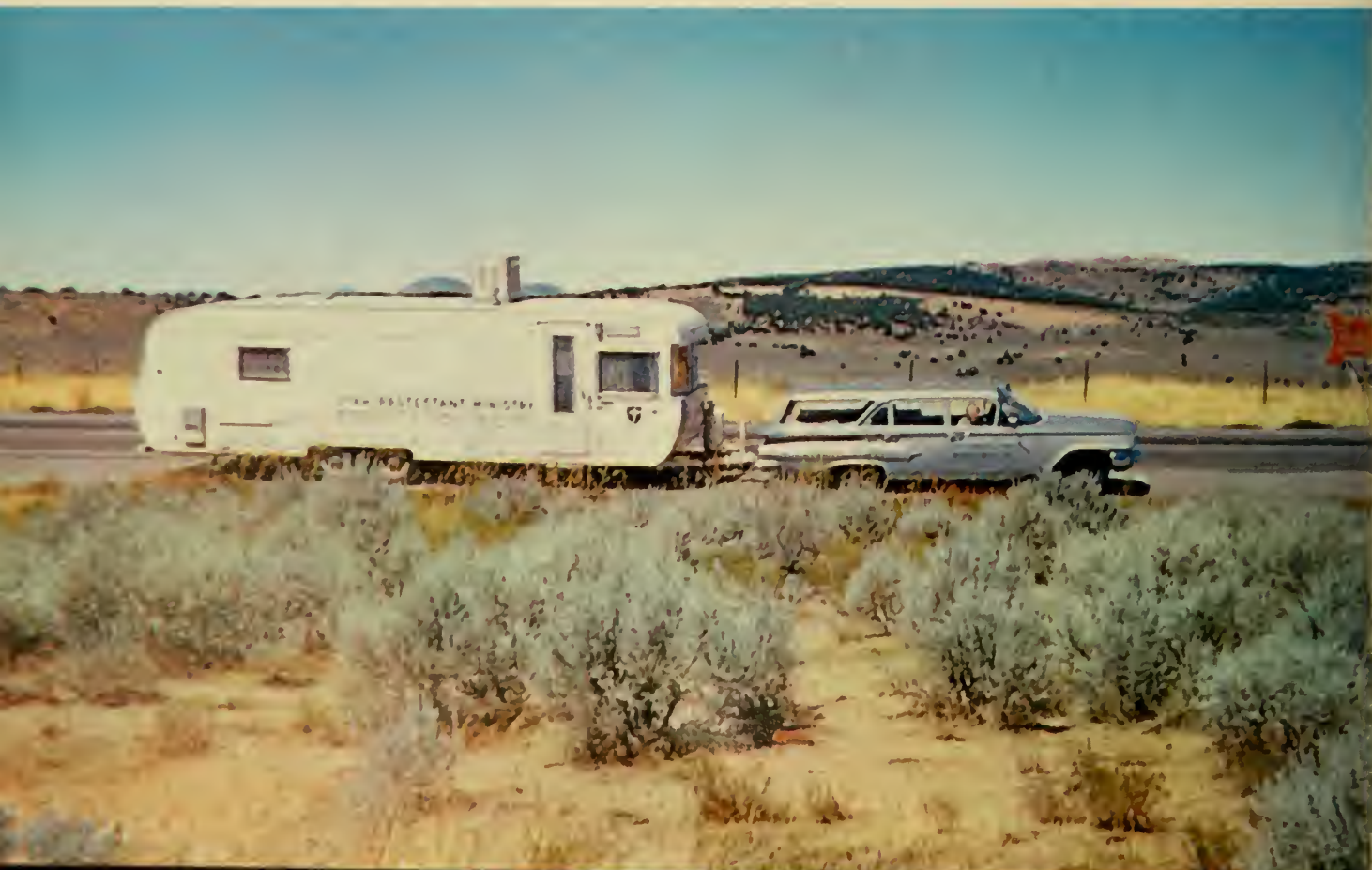
The look is new, but the mission unchanged

A DEACONESS who visits college campuses often finds students frankly puzzled when she talks to them about her work.

"Many college students either don't know there are such people as deaconesses, or they have the image of the deaconess as someone in a long black gown and a bonnet," says Miss Betty Ruth Goode. "They are surprised to learn that a deaconess is a normal human being...but when they find out what we look like and what we do, they become sincerely interested in this type of work. Regrettably, some have never before been confronted with the challenge and opportunity of a church vocation."

Jean Miller (center), exchange deaconess from Scotland, looks on while Betty Goode of the U.S. helps Susan Kreutziger model the deaconess garb she once wore.

The 1963 deaconess has a new look—as new as the mobile-ministry trailer Ada Duhigg is transporting across Utah country. But her mission and destination are as of yore: "Christian service among the poor, the sick, the orphaned, the needy."



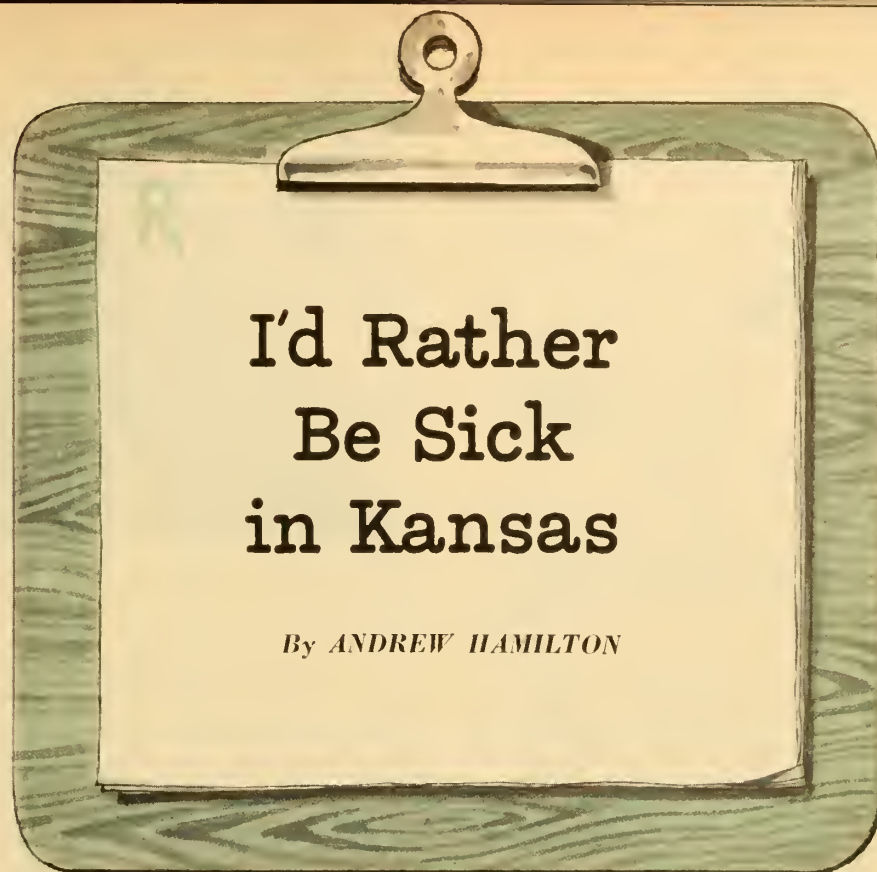
A FARMER caught his arm in a corn picker and, as a friend drove him frantically to the nearest hospital 100 miles away, his life ebbed away. A youngster who accidentally drank grasshopper poison from an old soft-drink bottle suffered agonizingly for hours. An expectant mother died in labor because a doctor wasn't available to perform a Caesarean section. Such medical tragedies were common in Kansas only a few years ago when hospitals were scarce and the supply of doctors dwindled alarmingly.

Today, all this has changed. Many lives are being saved by the Kansas Rural Health Plan which gives 1.7 million people in the heart of the Middle West what has been called "the best medical protection in the world."

The Kansas Rural Health Plan has been in existence for 14 years and has set a pattern for rural medicine in many parts of the globe. The U.S. State Department, the World Health Organization, and the Rockefeller Foundation have routed foreign medical experts and civic officials through Kansas to see a model they may wish to adopt.

The plan is largely the creation of dark-haired, deep-voiced Dr. Franklin D. Murphy who, in 1948 at the age of 32, was appointed Dean of the Kansas University medical school. Later he became chancellor of the University of Kansas and is now chancellor of the University of California at Los Angeles. Although the Kansas Rural Health Plan has been expanded and improved by his successors, Dr. Clarke Wescoe and Dr. Arden Miller, so closely was he identified with its inception that many still call it the "Murphy Plan."

Immediately after World War II, Kansas faced a medical crisis. The state had almost 6,000 hospital beds—58 percent of the number considered essential. Most of the hospitals were shabby firetraps without proper equipment. While the population of Kansas had grown 30 percent since 1900, the number of physicians dropped 18 percent—and



many were over 60 years of age. More than 80 communities pleaded for physicians, but could not find them.

The situation puzzled and distressed the young medical school dean. He discussed it with Dr. Hadson Peck and Oliver Ebel of the Kansas State Medical Society. He also arranged informal bull sessions in his home for medical students.

"Why don't young doctors want to practice in rural Kansas?" Dr. Murphy asked.

"I'm already \$5,000 in debt for my medical education," said a husky, red-haired student. "To set up rural practice and purchase new equipment, I'd have to borrow another \$10,000 to \$15,000. I'd rather join an already established physician in Kansas City, St. Louis, or Chicago."

Another lad, tall and serious, spoke up:

"I don't want to be stuck in some prairie town without a chance to keep up with modern medicine."

For several weeks, Dr. Murphy talked and listened. Then he came up with a bold, three-point concept that is still the basis of the Kansas Rural Health Plan.

1. Invest approximately \$4,000,000 in new buildings at the KU Medical

Center and increase the operating budget so that medical classes could be upped from 80 to 100 students each. Nursing and technician classes would be doubled.

2. Encourage small towns to build minimal facilities for medical practice—an office, reception room, examining rooms, a diagnostic X-ray laboratory and a clinical laboratory—then lease or sell such facilities to a doctor.

3. Develop a strong program of postgraduate instruction to remove the bugaboo of "medical isolation."

Other educators and health experts had advocated parts of this plan. Dr. Murphy's genius lay in putting the three elements into a single package and selling it to skeptical Kansans. He described the proposed plan before service-club luncheons in Kansas City, farmers' meetings, medical-society dinners. It was revolutionary, but would require more money than the legislature had ever appropriated for the KU medical school.

But the young medical-school dean won powerful allies to his cause, including the Kansas State Medical Society, the State Chamber of Commerce, the CIO, and the Farm Bureau Federation. Early in 1949, a conservative legislature voted funds

to start the plan and Governor Frank Carlson signed the bill.

Point No. 1 of Dr. Murphy's plan was to improve the KU medical school. Construction had been started two decades earlier, but was slowed by depression and World War II. In 1949, the center was a U-shaped cluster of red brick buildings. Since then, 12 new buildings or wings have been added, and concrete mixers are still churning. Today, the KU Medical Center is a \$20 million science complex with a 600-bed hospital—one of the most modern and best-equipped in the United States.

Dr. Murphy's goal was to increase medical classes from 80 to 100 students. Today they are up to 115—with corresponding increases in nurses, technicians, therapists, and other members of the modern health team. The student loan fund—approximately \$350,000—is one of the largest among state universities. Medical-school applications have declined elsewhere in the United States, but not in Kansas.

One course at the KU medical school that helps to fuel the Kansas Rural Health Plan is the preceptor program. To become acquainted with the "medical way of life," senior students spend 4½ weeks in communities under 2,500 population, working shoulder to shoulder with local physicians in a master-apprentice relationship.

The 43 preceptors who conduct the program—most of them native Kansans—hold regular teaching appointments on the staff of the KU medical school, even though they live and work in small towns. Students assist them on hospital rounds, house calls, and emergencies. Students also accompany their preceptors to service-club luncheons, 4-H Club meet-



Dr. Franklin D. Murphy was originator of the Kansas Rural Health Plan.

ings, Saturday-afternoon football games, hunting and fishing trips. Many preceptors invite the trainees to live in their own homes. Some arrange for married students to bring their wives for a while so that they, too, can appraise at firsthand a rural doctor's life and work. Largely because of the preceptor program, an increasing number of KU medical-school grads are staying in Kansas and going into rural medicine.

Point No. 2 in the Kansas Rural Health Plan is the aggressive role taken by small communities to attract and hold physicians. Since 1949, a doctor and a clinic, or small hospital, have almost become a civic status symbol in Kansas. So much so that even back-country crossroads with only a gasoline station and a store or two have sought physicians. Today, all 105 of Kansas' counties have doctors and most of them have built hospitals.

In Kiowa (pop. 1,500), the last physician moved out in 1938. When people broke a leg or contracted pneumonia, they were sometimes forced to drive to Wichita, 100 miles

away. But with encouragement from the Kansas Rural Health Plan, Kiowa voted \$83,000 to build a six-bed hospital and a two-doctor clinic.

Before the first brick was laid, word got around and several young M.D.s dropped in to look over the town. Kiowa liked Dr. Lawrence Patzkowsky and Dr. Marion Christensen, and offered to lease the clinic to them. Soon afterward, Dr. Marita Scimeca and her dentist husband also moved to Kiowa. Thus the town obtained not only the doctors they needed, but a dentist too.

Citizens of Altamont (pop. 719) formed a nine-man Community Improvement Association and sold shares in a seven-room clinic for \$10 apiece. Cake bakes and rummage sales flourished. In a matter of days, \$10,000 was raised.

"We decided to save money by building the clinic ourselves," said Lester Beech, who operates a grocery store.

And so it went—in Glasco, Mankato, Hanover, Bird City, McLouth, Overbrook, Leoti, Johnson, Minneola, Plains and many other small Kansas communities. Mankato put on a drive for a clinic, headed by F. W. Boyd, Jr., a young newspaperman, and raised \$13,000 from merchants on Main Street. Leoti built a 12-bed hospital costing \$150,000—partly through donations, partly through a bond issue.

Thomas A. Hendricks, formerly secretary of the American Medical Association's Council on Medical Services but currently the assistant to the executive vice-president, who watched what was going on in Kansas, pointed out:

"When a doctorless community goes looking for a physician, it primps itself up—not just the clinic.

John Wesley's Prescription for Good Health . . .

Observe . . . exactness in your regimen or manner of living. Use plain diet. Go to bed early. Above all, add . . . that old unfashionable medicine, prayer. Be as clean and sweet as possible in . . . houses, clothes, and furniture. Water is the wholesomest of all drinks; quickens the appetite, and strengthens the digestion most. Spirituous liquors are a certain, though slow, poison. Exercise is indispensably necessary to health and long life. Walking is the best exercise. All violent and sudden passions dispose to . . . acute diseases. The love of God . . . prevents all the bodily disorders the passions introduce, by keeping the passions themselves within due bounds.

—JOHN WESLEY. June 11, 1747.

People begin examining themselves and their resources. They make sure that their water supply and sewage system are in good shape. Religion and churches benefit, too, because the latter are fixed up to make a more attractive picture. The result is not merely a new doctor and a new clinic. It is a better town and a better place to live—and that attracts more good families.” Today few towns of 2,000 or more people in Kansas are without a physician.

Now that Kansas has been stockpiled with doctors, clinics, and hospitals, a new trend is developing that will provide even better health care. Five or six physicians—including a specialist or two—are establishing group practice in some of the county seats.

Point No. 3 in the Kansas Rural Health Plan was to provide postgraduate training so that doctors could remain on the “growing edge” of modern medicine.

During the past 10 years, the KU medical school has ranked as one of the leading among all American universities in the number of postgraduate medical courses offered.

Once a month between December and May “flying squads” of medical experts load projectors, screens, slides, and other teaching materials into station wagons and present instruction in eight widely scattered Kansas communities. For example, Dr. James Warren not long ago drove 1,000 miles in 4 days to teach medical and surgical emergency procedures. Instruction is given in such “classrooms” as a restaurant in Colby, a hospital in Garden City, and a nurses’ classroom in Concordia. During a year’s time, 600 doctors participated in these circuit courses—some of whom traveled 150 miles to attend.

“During the past three years, two thirds of all the doctors in Kansas have participated in our postgraduate instruction,” said Dr. Arden Miller, current dean of the school, “plus many others from adjoining states and even foreign countries. No medical school that I know concerns itself so much with postgraduate instruction of value to the rural practitioner.”

Summing up, the Kansas Rural Health Plan has made significant progress during the 14 years of its

existence under Drs. Murphy, Wescoe, and Miller. Good medical care is more accessible to all the citizens of Kansas today than to residents of any other state—despite greater distances in an agricultural area. The decline of doctors was halted in 1950 and the supply has been on the rise ever since—including many out-of-state physicians who have found Kansas an attractive place to practice. Average age has dropped from 55 to 45. The number of hospitals has increased by some 20 percent, and new planning and accreditation techniques are being developed for rural hospitals. In 1949, barely 1,000 doctors took advantage of postgraduate instruction. Last year, more than 4,000 doctors and 3,000 nurses and technicians went back to school to keep up on latest developments.

“Today,” says Dean Miller, “the school has the complete confidence of the medical profession and the taxpayers who support it.”

Why has the Kansas Rural Health Plan been so successful in a state whose size, population, and tax revenues are only modest?

Dr. Wescoe, who followed in Dr. Murphy’s footsteps as Dean of the KU medical school, and then chancellor, lists two reasons:

“First, we gave Kansas medicine the opportunity to develop in a voluntary, free-enterprise atmosphere. Physicians are distributed to both rural and urban communities under a free-choice system and they keep in touch with medical advancement at their own volition.

“Second, the people of Kansas saw that they would have to play their part in providing clinics and hospitals and they did so—willingly and enthusiastically. No federal or state officials stepped in and did the job. They rolled up their sleeves and did it themselves.”

Dr. Wescoe took his M.D. at Cornell and interned in a New York hospital. He spoke with conviction as he told me: “Well-trained doctors and hospital facilities are within a 20-minute drive of the remotest Kansas cornfield or cattle ranch. Personally, I’d rather be taken sick anywhere in Kansas than on the streets of New York City.”

Having seen the Kansas Rural Health Plan at firsthand, I would take my chances in Kansas, too.

Dr. Buckley:
He planted
the seed of
service.



WORDS

That Started HOSPITALS

JAMES M. BUCKLEY had mourned the death of a friend who might have lived had hospital care been available. That grief was still etched in his mind on January 27, 1881, when, as editor of *The Christian Advocate*, he wrote:

“The Methodist Episcopal Church is today, so far as we can learn, without a hospital. . . . We do not believe for one moment that this is the outcome of unfriendly conviction. It is the outcome of pre-occupation.”

Then he penned a bold challenge: “Now, is it not the time that somewhere we build a hospital?”

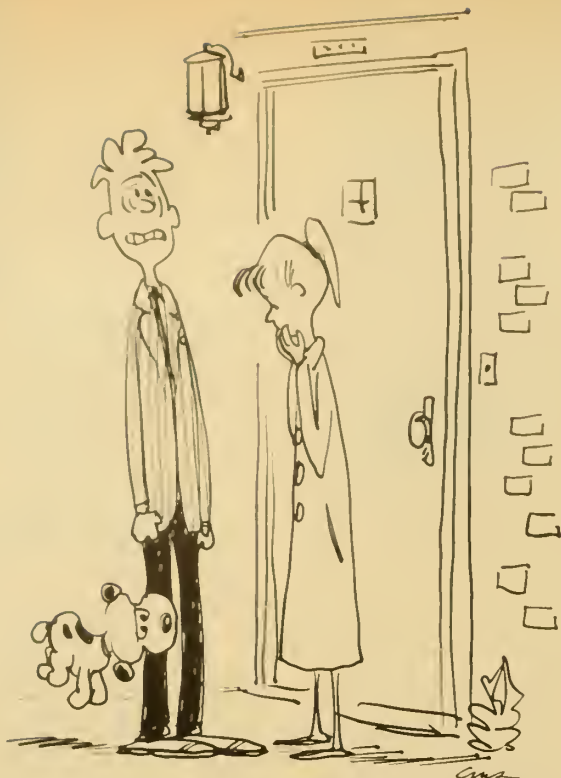
Response came quickly from George I. Seney, a Brooklyn, N.Y., attorney. He offered “16 eligible lots, valued at \$40,000, as a site and \$100,000 in cash toward the erection of a Methodist Episcopal General Hospital, which shall be open to Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, heathen and infidel. . . .”

Not only was the offer snapped up, but the generous benefactor was persuaded to increase his contribution to \$410,000! By autumn the cornerstone was laid for Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn, and Dr. Buckley became president of the hospital’s board of managers.

The hospital began modestly, caring for 315 patients the first year. Last year, 72,000 benefited from its healing ministry.

In memory of the man whose editorial voice in *The Christian Advocate* was heard by a Good Samaritan in Brooklyn, one of the hospital’s modern buildings is named Buckley Pavilion.

And from the seed James Buckley planted 82 years ago in *The Advocate* (now *TOGETHER*) have come Methodism’s 77 U.S. hospitals serving 1.5 million persons yearly.



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz
© 1961 by Warner Press, Inc.

"Perhaps I lack real spiritual dedication, but there are certain things about visitation work that drive me crazy."

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

A GAIN THIS month, I'm starting *Teens Together* with some plain talk on a general-interest problem. If you like these discussions, please write the editor (address on page 74) and tell him. You might even suggest a subject for discussion.

For February's topic I have chosen sex—because so many of you have asked me questions about it. Let me say right away that if you worry about your physical and emotional reactions, you are normal. Nearly all teen-agers have problems here.

You may or may not be aware of it, but two conflicting sets of motives are at work within you. You have your body, now ready for reproduction, and instincts (or drives) which impel you toward sexual gratification. But you also are a civilized person.

You have religious convictions, a Christian conscience. You know that you cannot be promiscuous. You realize

that you cannot marry or have babies now, and that you will not be an adult for some time. So, until you are grown and can find worthy Christian love and sex in marriage, you must control your body and your instincts.

The struggle for control is more difficult for some young persons than for others. Usually it is worse for boys than for girls. But very few find the teen years easy.

I have four simple but important suggestions. They have helped many others, and I hope they help you.

1. Don't feel guilty for having thoughts about sex. You cannot avoid them entirely, but don't let yourself dwell upon sex matters. Don't brood or indulge in long daydreams. Direct your attention to other things. If you let yourself be preoccupied with sex, your problems will be magnified.

2. Find your friends and your social life among nice kids, with good

reputations. Your church crowd, for example. Avoid those who are forever saying or doing dirty things. Date only responsible young people about your own age.

3. Avoid situations such as necking and petting which will trigger your bodily reactions. Those reactions come like lightning. When they are aroused, your judgment is very weak. So play safe.

4. If you feel you are being overwhelmed by sex worries, look for a responsible, qualified adult who can advise you. One of your parents would be your best adviser. If that is impossible, hunt for someone else. Many ministers are being trained in counseling teen-agers. Some high-school teachers are qualified. Many family doctors can help. A few interviews with the right person might help you greatly.

Q A boy took me home after a football game. My parents were away. I invited him in. We started necking and went the limit. I keep praying for forgiveness, but I still feel awful about it. Today the boy invited me to his house. I declined. He says if we sin a few more times I will stop feeling so guilty. Is he right?—R.G.

A No, he is dead wrong. I'm very sorry for what happened. Never date that boy again. Don't even talk to him. In the future, go out only with boys who have good reputations. Don't neck; don't let yourself get into situations in which you'll be tempted. Tell your mother what happened. She loves you and will want to help you. Then both of you should go to your minister for counseling. Don't delay.

Q My teachers expect me to get straight A grades because my older sister did. I play basketball and belong to several school clubs. My sister did nothing but study. She is brighter than I am. Is it fair for parents to expect a boy to do as well as his sister did in school?—H.S.

A Usually such comparisons are unfair. What matters is how well you do in relation to your own intelligence. Go to your school counselor and ask him to check on your ability. Then he can tell you whether or not you are doing as well as you should.

Q I'm a girl, 18. After two years, the boy I loved dropped me. It made me so sick I had to quit school.

I still am not well. Every afternoon I feel as though ants or bugs were crawling up my forearms and the front of my legs. I know they aren't there, but I feel them. What should I do?—W.C.

A Skin sensations like yours sometimes accompany severe strain. Ask your family doctor to recommend a psychiatrist to you. Then go to him for help. Do whatever he advises. Don't delay.

Q *I'm 17 and was married last May. My boy and I were sure we would be in love forever. However, we now hate each other. He says I spend too much money. He claims he has a right to date other girls. He has taken to drinking and may lose his job. Last week, he beat me up. My father is arranging for an annulment. Will you warn other girls that they should not marry until they are at least 20 years old?—A.L.*

A I'll warn them, gladly. It is much better to wait until you are older and ready for the responsibilities marriage brings. It is not unusual for early marriages to break up this way.

Q *I was a freshman last year at a Methodist-related college. I played on the frosh football team. I made many friends. On three different nights, I went to parties and drank too much. The dean let me finish the semester, but wouldn't permit me to enroll the second semester. My folks never will forgive me for getting kicked out. I have a cousin who goes to a state university. He stays out all night whenever he feels like it. Nobody cares. Is it fair for one college to be so particular, when a big university doesn't even try to control its students?—K.N.*

A Yes, it is fair. The mistake is made by the university, not by your college. Many students are not yet ready for complete freedom, especially during their freshman year. They need the control good colleges exercise as a transition from childhood to adulthood. I hope you'll go back to college soon and behave yourself.

Q *I'm a boy, 16. Last week, I got a ticket for speeding. When my dad heard about it, he gave me a strapping. I ran away. I'm living with a friend now. Today, my father sent word to me that I must return home. Do*

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About . . .

Your Faith and Your Church



Why did Jesus say, 'This is my body'? This statement from the words of Jesus at his last supper with his disciples (Matthew 26:26) is quoted in our Communion ritual. Its full meaning can be sensed only when we remember that, for the Hebrew, "body" means the whole self. When he said, "Take, eat; this is my body," he was really saying, "This is myself, all that I have and am. When you consume this bread, taking it into your bodies, you are identifying yourselves with me. All that I am is linked with all you are. We are one."

Is prayer communion with God? Certainly—and that, of course, is more than mere conversation. We do not have communion, which is an experience of sharing, with everyone with whom we strike up a conversation. Much prayer is small talk—mere efforts on the part of man to fill up the awful silences when he feels he is in the presence of God.

But we are always in his presence. He is "nearer than breathing, closer than hands and feet." Emerson said: "God enters by a private door into every individual." Those who know how to "practice his presence," like Jeremy Taylor, think of prayer as "making frequent colloquies and short discourses between God and his own soul." Communion comes only with practice.

How does one 'make a fool' of God? This question comes from the Phillips translation of Galatians 6:7, "You cannot make a fool of God!" which the King James Version translates, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked."

So, we make a fool of God—or, try to—when we act as though there were no connection between sowing and reaping. We sow satisfaction of animal appetites and mistakenly hope to reap high character. We sow a casual, devil-may-care attitude toward the Church and expect to reap religious experience. We sow ease and idleness and have our hearts set on convictions. It's all crazy, and shows that "you cannot make a fool of God!"

How do deacons differ from elders? In Methodism, a deacon is a preacher who, having fulfilled the requirements (normally two years in the conference course of study) and having been elected to the order of deacon, and having taken the vows, is ordained by the bishop. A deacon may be either "local" or "traveling."

An elder is a preacher who, having fulfilled the requirements (usually four years) and having been elected to the order of elder, and having taken the vows, is ordained by the laying on of hands of a bishop and other elders. Again, an elder may be "local" or "traveling"; and if the latter, he is admitted into "full connection" in the annual conference.

Bishop Nall, head of the Minnesota Area, believes that "living is mostly answering questions." He adds: "If I can help someone else answer his, I am happy."

you think I have to? Was it right for him to strap me? Don't all kids get speeding tickets?—J.W.

A It may surprise you, but the majority of 16-year-old drivers don't get tickets. You were careless. I'm sorry your father strapped you. Corporal punishment to teen-agers makes problems worse. However, you must obey your dad. He is legally and morally responsible for you. Return home. Apologize to him. Ask your mother to help your father understand you, and you to understand him. Do your best to avoid conflict with him in the months ahead. Good luck!

Q *I'm a boy, barely 16. The girl I like is almost 20. I met her at a party. We've been rushing each other ever since. Her friends tell her she's robbing the cradle. My mother says she's too old for me. Is there any harm in our dating?—A.L.*

A Ten years hence your age differences wouldn't mean much. But they do now. At 20, she is an adult. At 16, you're still a boy. There may be no harm in your dating. However, each of you would be better off going out with a person closer to your own ages.

Q *I'm a girl of 14. My best friend dates two different boys. I never have been asked out. I'm a wallflower. Will I ever go steady?—K.M.*

A Yes, but not for several years. You're too young now. Nature plays odd tricks on young people. Most girls of 14 are interested in boys, but very few boys of 14 care about girls. In two or three years, more boys your age will want dates. Until then, there won't be enough of them to go around. Only time can solve your problem.

Q *Why can't people leave me alone? My mother scolds me because my room isn't neat. My teachers scold me because I don't get all my homework done. My older brother yells at me everytime I use makeup. My sister gets mad because I won't stay home and play games with her. Aren't people awful to each other?—F.L.*

A People seem awful, I know. However, they mean well. Your parents and teachers care for you and are trying to help you. Many girls your age express rebellion against grown-up re-

sponsibilities. They want freedom without obligations, but that is impossible. Try to be patient. Avoid the scoldings by doing the things expected of you. If you cannot keep up with the homework, see your counselor about a program change. In another year or so, things will be better for you.

Q *I have loved a boy for several weeks. He is 14 and I'm 13. Just at the time he got serious with me, my best girl friend became interested in him. She has a better figure than I have. Now he is in love with her. Was it fair for my best girl friend to steal the boy I love?—K.T.*

A From your standpoint it is not fair. However, such things have happened millions of times. Please try to realize that your feeling for the boy is a crush, not love. Your emotion is intense, but it won't last. Keep active with your friends. Before long you'll find yourself getting interested in someone else.

Q *I'm 15. Three times during the past month I've had sex dreams. My body reacts. When I wake up, I am very scared. Do the dreams mean I am a sinner at heart? Will I lose my manhood?—L.K.*

A Such dreams are a normal part of growing up. All boys have them, as well as many girls. They are caused by the physical changes taking place within you. They do not mean that you are a sinner, nor will they cause you to lose your manhood. Try not to worry about them. After they occur, just go back to sleep.

Q *I'm a boy, 14. My father is vice-president of a bank and has a good income. However, he will not give me an allowance; he thinks I should earn all my spending money and pay for some of my clothes. He made his own way at my age. I can't legally hold down a regular job until I am 16. I carry a paper route, but it doesn't pay very well. Should my father give me an allowance?—A.M.*

A I'm sure your dad intends to be fair. His goal certainly is good. However, I believe that you should have a reasonable allowance. Legal jobs for 14-year-olds are very scarce. Probably you have more homework than he did, so you have less time to work than he

had. Arrange for him to talk about this with a school counselor who understands the problems you face. Your dad might take suggestions from him which he could not accept from you.

Q *I'm a college girl, 18, and have been dating the president of our class. He gave me his fraternity pin. We feel we're engaged. He says if I really love him I will go the limit when we're on dates. He says that is the only way I can "prove my love" for him. He claims that most of the couples at college go the limit regularly. If I keep saying "no," he'll lose interest in me. I couldn't stand that, yet my conscience tells me that sex before marriage is wrong. It is wrong, isn't it?—T.R.*

A Yes, sex before marriage is wrong. Keep on saying "no" to him. Your boyfriend has too low an opinion of other college couples. A few of them do make the mistake he suggests, but most of them don't. If your boyfriend really loves you, he wouldn't want you to make a serious mistake. If he loses interest in you, it will be proof that he's the wrong sort of person for you. It would be best for you to look for another boyfriend.

Q *My girl is 14. I'm 16. We've been doing something we should not do. Now she is going to have a baby. We're in love and would like to get married. Could we elope? Or must we tell our folks?—B.C.*

A I'm very sorry for what you have done. Don't elope—you could not marry. You must tell your parents. Afterward, go to a social worker in the Salvation Army's Evangeline Booth Home in your city. It is a Christian hospital-home for unwed mothers. Have your girl friend's parents go there also. The people at the home have had a great deal of experience helping young people and their families find solutions to these problems.

DR. BARBOUR, head of counseling in the San Diego, Calif., public schools, has answers for all teen problems. Young people may ask his help—in strict confidence—by writing him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois.



*The joy of tithing
did not come easily for our
family. A chance walk
through a slum and . . .*

A Salary Cut Made Us Tithers

By KATHLEEN DAVIS GRIER

A Together
in the  Feature

TOM AND I had always believed in tithing, and we kept telling ourselves that someday we would—when our income was large enough. But as his salary increased during our marriage, so had our family needs.

We moved from an apartment into a house, then into a larger house in a well-to-do neighborhood. A second car became a necessity. Conforming to the neighborhood patterns, we found the frequent entertaining expensive. For our three children, there were lessons—dancing, music, swimming, riding, tennis.

So, until there was more margin between our family needs and the size of our paycheck, we felt we could not afford to tithe. Meanwhile, we gave—generously, we thought—to religious and charitable causes, using what was left in our budget after paying necessary expenses.

At the height of our status, sudden reverses in the company's business brought a jolting cut in Tom's salary. Now there was nothing left for others. We could not even begin to maintain our standard of living. Selling our impressive house, we moved into a smaller one minus swimming pool and two-car garage. We were compelled to cut to the bone our giving to the church and charity. And when special contributions were asked in church, we sheepishly kept



When the Devil Laughs



THE DEVIL LAUGHS:

1. When Christian people hoard their money as if they expected to keep it forever. Remember God said, "Fool! This night your soul is required of you; and the things you have prepared, whose will they be?" (Luke 12:20.)

2. When churchmen sing in the worship service, "Take my silver and my gold/Not a mite would I withhold," and illustrate by putting "the mite" on the offering plate!

3. When followers of Christ are violently allergic to the mention of money from the pulpit.

4. When official members drive to the church in Cadillacs and vote to reduce World Service giving by one half.

5. When churchmen see no contradiction in securing the newest and most efficient equipment for office, store, or ranch, and at the same time steadfastly oppose new buildings and better accommodations for the church.

6. When professing Christians forget that they are only stewards (trustees) and imagine that they are owners.

7. When church people fail to extend their faith into the future by giving Christ and the kingdom interests first place in making their wills.

8. When we refuse to tithe because we make too little or because we make too much.

9. When we reject the tithe for the reason that it is "legalistic" and "Old Testament" in favor of giving "when we feel like it," forgetting that Jesus said, "This [tithing] you should have done."

10. When we fail to remember that "to own is to owe." That we are to possess our possessions and not let them possess us. That we are only coffee break converts and part-time Christians unless and until our pocketbooks and checkbooks have been won to Jesus Christ!

Only by an evangelism for the whole man and all possessions can we silence the devil's laughter.

—BISHOP GLENN R. PHILLIPS

our hands in our pockets. Occasionally we felt a little guilty.

One time a young man in our church sought help for a Methodist church in Reid, Austria. Another time a young teacher from India (where the average-family income is \$37) asked help for his school. We sincerely wanted to do our part, but we had to look out for our own family first.

It was not long thereafter that Tom and I, still feeling sorry for ourselves, managed by rigid economizing to put aside enough money to buy gallery tickets to the music festival (instead of our usual front-row-center seats).

Parking our car several blocks away, we strolled through a slum to the music hall. I glanced through curtainless windows into dingy rooms. Men and women sat crowded in doorways opening onto dirty sidewalks. A small girl, eating a piece of bread, was crouched on a curb. Suddenly, a bony boy about seven dashed up, snatched the bread from her, and wolfed it like a wild animal.

The barrenness of necessities smote me—squalid rooms, ragged clothing, hardly enough nourishment to cover human bones!

A short way farther on, we came to a mission house. A few days before, I had tossed into the wastebasket a plea for funds for this mission—because we could not afford to give. There was no money left after I wrote the check for the music tickets.

At the Sunday service the next day, the guest preacher had just come back from Reid, Austria. Opening with, "This is the century of the hungry, the homeless, the helpless," he chilled us with facts about the needs of refugees and the hunger throughout the world. By the end of the service, the needs of others had become a stark reality to me.

Discussing this with my husband in the afternoon, I was not surprised that he shared my feelings. But, how could we contribute to others when we had nothing left over?

"We'll simply have to give *before* spending the salary check," we decided. But what would be a fair amount? Then we remembered that long ago a Canaanite named Jacob had pondered the same problem, deciding that "... of all that thou [God] shalt give me, I will surely

give the tenth unto thee" (Genesis 28:22 KJV). Should not that decision serve us? We agreed that only by tithing could we have money we sincerely wanted to give toward the urgent needs of others. We couldn't afford not to tithe!

Knowing the efficiency of The Methodist Church in handling money, we decided to give most of our small tenth through the Church. We knew that a dollar given through the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief provides much more food than does a dollar given through another organization having a similar purpose.

We do, however, allow ourselves to spend some of our tithe in ways that have a special appeal to us. One which gives us special pleasure is buying birthday-cake ingredients for a church-supported home for the elderly. I send another portion to the slum mission. And we've been able to give a bit to the teacher from India.

Tithing was not easy. Taking out the tenth before providing for our family needs meant adjustments, some of them difficult for us. Yet we have not regretted it.

When my mind turns to the hungry, homeless refugees pictured by the guest minister, our budget meat loaf or curried codfish seem luxuries. Our second car was the first of our onetime necessities which we sacrificed. Now, as I ride a bus downtown, I remember the teacher's story of a mother in India who carried her sick baby 20 miles to the school in quest of medical care.

Because my husband and I were moved to *want* to tithe, we have not felt a hardship. Thumbing through check stubs, Tom and I see that the generous giving we thought we made from his larger salary actually was much less than the tithe of his cut salary.

Our whole family derives spiritual joy from tithing. The children—15, 13, and 12—have developed an awareness of the unmet human needs and our Christian opportunity and responsibility to help fill them.

However, none of us feels satisfied with our contributions. On the contrary, we think how few necessities our giving can provide for the distressed people in the slums and the miserable people in the underdeveloped regions of the world.

Jailed on a technicality, he had reason to be bitter.

The Saints of

CAESAR'S HOUSEHOLD

By FRANCIS MARTIN

ONE WOULD not expect to find a saint in Caesar's household—or in prison. Yet, occasionally, one does appear. Harry Thompson (that is not his real name) was one.

Some English laws regarding fraud are so old and complicated that a man who has had the misfortune to go bankrupt can find himself in prison without consciously having committed a crime, or even knowing, until it is too late, that he has done so.

So it was with Thompson. He had one standard of conduct. In the words of the Church of England catechism, he was resolved: "To hurt nobody by word nor deed; to be true and just in all his dealing."

Harry Thompson's wife was the only child of wealthy parents. When his father-in-law died, the bulk of the fortune went to the widow in trust for her lifetime, after which it would pass to Thompson's wife.

Unfortunately, his mother-in-law was neurotic and selfish, a heavy drinker whose only god was money. During World War II, she drank so much black-market alcohol that by 1946 she was completely paralyzed.

Certainly Harry Thompson had no cause to love the old lady, yet she was his wife's mother; she was ill and in pain. And she was lonely. He promised her—and she understood him—that she should want no comfort or attention that money could buy.

For months she could not speak or move a finger. Harry paid out more than \$13,000 from his own pocket. He borrowed from his bank; he raised money on his furniture; and his wife sold her jewels to help out.

The trustees of the estate were willing to help but could not under the law until the old lady died or signed

a power of attorney. And so Harry raised a further \$10,000 for her benefit. By so doing, he brought her back to life. But he had gone over his head in debt, and also had pledged to pay additional medical bills.

In time, the doctors said she was well enough to discuss business. But when she learned she would have to pay out \$23,000, which, incidentally, she would not even miss, she refused. No law could make her do so as Harry had raised the money voluntarily. Nor could his wife draw on her expectations.

Just at that time Harry Thompson wrote a check for some \$300 for his children's school fees. There was sufficient money in the bank to clear it, but at the same moment the hospital, pressing for payment of more bills, attached his bank balance. On a legal technicality, he was forced into bankruptcy.

His appeal to his mother-in-law for help brought the retort: "Don't bother me! I'm ill." Thompson was convicted of fraud and sent to prison.

"You've had a pretty raw deal," the prison governor told him. "Why on earth didn't you poison the old so-and-so?"

"This cell's better than the condemned cell," Harry replied.

Later the chaplain greeted him with, "I can't see any justice or logical reason for sending you to prison."

"I'll have to look for it," Harry answered. "God must want me to do something, or to learn something, otherwise I wouldn't be here."

For 12 weary months, Harry searched for that reason and probably never realized it lay in being just himself. So far as possible, he practiced his religion as he had always done. When, as frequently hap-

pened, foul-mouthed prisoners vilified him, he never answered back.

Slowly, fellow convicts began to realize that he was incapable of being dragged down or contaminated by the stigma of prison. They began to look up to him, to seek his counsel, to ask him to pray for them. Once when the chaplain announced cancellation of his Bible class because of laryngitis, a hardened offender asked: "Please, sir, couldn't Mr. Thompson take it?"

Harry took the class for three weeks, after which three young men, whom the chaplain was preparing for confirmation, asked the prison governor whether he would allow "Mr. Thompson" to take a catechism class. The use of the prefix "Mr."—and several times prison officers accidentally called him "Mr. Thompson"—shows how deep his quiet influence had penetrated.

Eventually Harry was released. Returning home, he found his bedridden mother-in-law had installed herself in the house, having blackmailed her daughter into bringing her there in return for \$18 a week instead of the \$75 she had been paying to a hospital. Neither by word nor act did Harry ever reproach her. He let her stay, with every comfort and consideration. She died a year later.

Perhaps even more than his certificate of discharge from bankruptcy, and certainly far more than his crested silver or Gainsborough portraits, Harry today values this ill-spelled, illiterate letter:

"Dear mister Thompson, Thank God for wat you done for My husbin when he was in prisin with you. He as been a different man. . . ."

The greatest saints, of course, often have thrived in the poorest soil.



LLOYD WAKE
San Francisco, California
DANIEL LYMAN RIDOUT
Baltimore, Maryland
LEE L. CHUPCO
Claremore, Oklahoma
KAVANAUGH A. LOY
Madisonville, Kentucky

Light Unto My Path

*Weekly Meditations on the International Sunday School
Lessons by Methodist Pastors Representing Four Races.*

size so much the distinctions that separate us one from another. Grant to us the spirit of Him who saw all persons as members of thy family. Amen.

—LLOYD WAKE

FEBRUARY 10

FEBRUARY 3

He [Jesus] went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed by the devil, for God was with him.—Acts 10:38

"I DON'T know what to do," said an anguished father over the phone to his pastor. "I'm at my wit's end." He was referring to a case of severe mental illness in his home which was causing great strain on the family. Such a situation prevails in many families today.

Persons trained to work in the field of mental health probably would be shocked and outraged had the pastor replied to this father: "Don't worry; Jesus will heal your son. Have faith in him."

But, this is precisely what Jesus did during his ministry. He healed those suffering from mental disturbances—"All that were oppressed by the devil."

We do not pretend to know whether Jesus' method of therapy was directive, nondirective, client-centered, or what. We do know that his power was from God. Peter, in the same verse, puts it this way, "God anointed Jesus . . .

with the Holy Spirit and with power." Jesus was thus able to convey to needy persons a love and concern that healed.

We are plagued today not only by mental illness but by another kind of disease—the disease of pride and prejudice based on color, class, and creed. We need to hear again the words of Peter used in Acts 10:34-35: "God shows no partiality, but in every nation any one who fears him and does what is right is acceptable to him." Men's partiality is caused by their partial vision, and by partial acceptance of God's will.

This is a crippling disease which must be healed, and those who become channels of God's compassion, concern, and love will be the healers. We are called to be among those who open their lives to the power and influence of God's Spirit and thus bring healing and health to our world.

Prayer: O God, who hast made of one blood all men that dwell upon the earth: cleanse our lives of the partiality that afflicts our relationships with thee and thy people. Forgive us that we empha-

"Truly, truly, I say to you, he who believes in me will also do the works that I do; and greater works than these will he do, because I go to the Father."—John 14:12

JESUS NEVER missed an opportunity to challenge his followers to enlarge their faith. On this occasion they doubtless thought he was overstating his case.

They had seen him cleanse lepers, heal the sick, raise the dead, and restore sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and health to the sick in mind. "Tell me," sings the old camp meeting spiritual, "what more, *what more* can my Jesus do!" What more can man, in his frailty, hope to do?

Jesus did not dream that man would mold tons of steel into giant ships that would fly through the air, thousands of feet above the ground, at the incredible speed of hundreds, indeed thousands, of miles an hour. Many of us heard the last seconds of the countdown and witnessed last fall the blast-off that sent astronaut Walter H. Schirra, Jr., into orbit, to circle the earth 6 times at 17,560 miles

per hour. Thirty minutes after his launching he was reported over Africa!

Jesus could not envision these specific achievements, but he knew that the probing heart and mind of man would never cease to search for new truths and to unravel new mysteries. Thus we have had physicians dedicate their lives to research in the field of preventive medicine, saving the lives of millions of people—to say nothing of those whose surgical skills have literally snatched countless thousands more from the jaws of death.

"All things are possible to him who believes," Jesus said. There's the answer—if we believe!

Prayer: Lord, give us faith to arrive at the place the apostle did when he said, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."

"Give us thy vision, eyes that see,/Beyond the dark, the dawn—and thee!" Amen.

—DANIEL LYMAN RIDOUT

FEBRUARY 17

"This people honors me with their lips, but their heart is far from me; in vain do they worship me, teaching as doctrines the precepts of men."
—Mark 7:6-7

SOME YEARS ago, I sat in a certain church-school class. The good-natured teacher took great delight in asking questions.

"Who is a hypocrite?" he asked.

"Who is a hypocrite?" he asked again, as we sat in silence.

Finally a gray-haired man said, "Teacher, if you want to know who is a hypocrite, look in the mirror."

Like a mirror the verses of Scripture reveal us and our religion.

If the description fits us, then we realize why we do not get much out of our worship service or why religion does not mean much to us. We lack sincerity in our religion. For on Sunday morning, we often go through the rituals of worship service. We hurry to get it over with so we can go home.

We often quote what someone has said to support what we want to believe. We seldom apply the Scriptures to life situations as Jesus did.

But one can be sincere in his religion. By being sincere a person

can put meaning into his words and practices. He can mean what he says, if he says what he means. He can mean what he practices if he practices what he means. Be sincere—originate your words and practices from God who gives meaning to life.

Prayer: O Lord, enable us to be sincere at heart. May we serve thee from the heart and delight in doing thy will. Amen.

—LEE L. CHUPCO

FEBRUARY 24

And when he had called the people unto him with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.—Mark 8:34 (KJV)

AN ELDERLY saint had suffered two terrible tragedies. During a pastoral call, she said to me: "I don't understand people when they say, 'My crosses are so heavy I don't see how I can bear them.' Jesus bore but one cross. That was his death. I have many burdens, but if I understand it aright, I have but one cross. My cross is my death."

I had learned theology from life that day. This little mother had lost her husband and eight years later her sister, who had come to live with her, in tragedies which had shocked and greatly burdened her. She had been unable to do anything to save their lives.

To her, the Master's words were crystal clear: "Whoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." She was right! A person has but one cross.

Jesus says to those who would follow him—then and now—that self-renunciation is the way to self-realization. Only he who sacrifices everything necessary to give full loyalty to Christ will find and live life as Christ knew life and lived it. One must say "No!" to whatever would get in the way of wholehearted service to the Son of Man and his kingdom. A Christian without his cross is a Christian without the Christ.

Prayer: Our Father, help us realize we are powerless to follow thee as long as there is that about our lives to which we are more devoted than we are to thee. Give to each the grace to take up his cross and follow the Christ. Amen.

—KAVANAUGH A. LOY

getting along Together

A small boy in church with his mother heard the preacher talk on *What Is a Christian?* Every time he asked the question, the minister banged his fist on the pulpit.

"Mama, do you know?" the boy whispered to his mother.

"Yes, dear, now be quiet," she replied.

Finally, when the minister demanded once more, "What is a Christian?" and banged especially hard, the boy yelled, "Mama, tell 'im!"

—GLENDA GOSS, St. Simons Island, Ga.

During a choir number in a church service not long ago, I was startled to look up and see our director, the minister's wife, holding her youngest daughter on her hip. Her face was serene, her hand faultlessly keeping time. Her daughter gazed admiringly.

My husband later told me the little girl had broken away from her older brother in the pew, and crept up the stairs toward her father and the choir. When her mother glanced down, the child was already beside her. Without missing a beat she leaned down, scooped up her child with the ease of long practice, and finished the anthem.

—MRS. BETTY POPE, Alexander, N.Y.

The harried young mother of three asked advice from her minister's wife, the successful parent of a large, grown family.

"What on earth can I do about three noisy, quarrelsome children?"

"Well," came the answer, "try giving thanks to God for three healthy, normal offspring—then pray for strength to stand them."

—CHARLES KENNEDY, Jackson, Mich.

Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lightened a heart. TOGETHER pays \$5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned; please don't enclose postage.—EDS.



A railroader, 75, and retired at \$130 a month (far more than most), he says he needs care more than his pension.



At 96, she crochets without glasses, making gifts for others. Her only income is from a small monthly check.



All alone in the world, he's 79, had never married. Like others, he finds himself without friends or relatives.

This Retirement Home Pays Its Way!

Pooling their limited resources, the lonely, helpless, and unwanted
are assured of receiving proper care for the rest of their lives.

IT WAS Mother's Day at Wesley Hall, a Methodist home for old people in Cincinnati, Ohio. Many of the elderly women had new hairdos and wore their prettiest dresses. With eager smiles they sat waiting.

But nobody came to call.

Few come to visit the old people at Wesley Hall, simply because there isn't anyone—or never was anyone—who cared that much for the folks who pass their last days there.

If this seems tragic, then it should be pointed out that tragedy and heartbreak are the very reasons for Wesley Hall's existence. The brighter picture comes into focus when one realizes how much worse life would have been for the residents had not the home come into existence 16 years ago through the dedicated efforts of a Methodist minister.

Wesley Hall provides companionship, good food, medical care, security, and a Christian environment

for those who were lonely, helpless, unwanted, confused, and penniless. Some were dying of malnutrition. Some vegetated in flophouses, or were picked up from skid-row streets. Some are disabled, consigned to wheelchairs or beds.

With few possessions, friends, or relatives, the residents of Wesley Hall symbolize the problems of old age in America—and the determination of the church to do something about it. When people live to advanced age, many outlive friends, resources, and families. No longer able to take care of themselves, they have no one to care for them.

In two buildings on wooded, hill-top acres four miles northwest of downtown Cincinnati, Wesley Hall has facilities to care for nearly 100 men and women. Its annual budget is in the neighborhood of \$140,000, financed largely by welfare, relief, and pension checks signed over to the home by its residents. About

\$10,000 comes from individual contributors, and organizations. The property is leased for \$1 a year from the Elizabeth Gambel Deaconess Home Association, which also operates Christ Hospital in Cincinnati.

Much of the credit for Wesley Hall's success—indeed, for its very existence—goes to the Rev. Ray Tucker, now 65, who became interested in starting such a program when he was assigned in 1947 to an inner-city church in Cincinnati. From a rural background, and not unfamiliar with poverty, he was forced to quit school at 13, but returned to pass college-entrance examinations at 25 and begin study for the ministry.

"We have plans to increase the capacity of Wesley Hall to about 300, as soon as additional funds become available," he says. "Here, in greater Cincinnati alone, there are more than 10,000 of these old people—a good many of them barely ex-



At 90, she's a remarkable woman who delights in dancing the "twist"—and takes bicycle exercises to keep trim!

Wesley Hall's superintendent, Rev. Ray Tucker, stops to talk to one of the residents, a disabled man who spent much of his life as a beggar. With them is Ruth Espich, a nurse's aide serving the home.

isting at near-starvation levels."

Perhaps 1,000 of this number, Mr. Tucker believes, will die this year as a result of malnutrition brought on largely by the inability of the oldsters to take proper care of themselves.

Because the old people are able to pool their limited resources at Wesley Hall, they are provided with services, clothing, medicine, and food. "We can do it much cheaper under this arrangement than the relief agencies could possibly do it," Mr. Tucker says. "We won't take a person if he has money."

In this respect, Wesley Hall differs from the more than 100 other nonprofit retirement homes affiliated with the Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes, and 6 others for retired workers related to the Woman's Division of Christian Service [see *New Ideas in Old Folks' Homes*, November, 1960, page 45].

Only a comparative few live long





Theresa Hirsch was a trained nurse. Her lively interest in things around her extends to the home's mascot, a dog named Satan who's everyone's pet.

enough to learn what it is like to be very, very old and alone. But one can sense what it is like for the residents of Wesley Hall as he walks through the main building, a stone structure with a wide front porch, now more than 100 years old and once used as a way station on the Underground Railroad.

The need for companionship is evident when residents choose to stay together in wards, rather than in separate rooms; the feeling of helplessness is seen in those who are too feeble to leave the chairs beside their beds; and the natural desire to feel useful and wanted is evident in the enthusiasm some take in quilt making, sewing, or performing minor tasks.

That 92-year-old man sitting on the edge of his bed lived in a flop-

house which closed its doors a few years ago. When he came to Wesley Hall, he owned 20 boxes of crayons and some shoelaces he had tried to peddle for nickles and dimes. He had two rolls of play money and a How-to-Get-Rich book. Now he is well-fed, well-clothed, and warm. His room is spic and span, as is that of the 76-year-old woman reading a magazine in the large hall. She was once in a mental institution.

Watching television is an 81-year-old who was a panhandler. One day he mistook a plainclothes policeman for an easy touch and was haled into court. The judge referred him to the home, ruling that "this man isn't a criminal, he's just hungry." The man still is a panhandler of sorts, the kitchen help will tell you, but he isn't hungry any more.



A physician visits the home regularly. With Nurse Marilyn Grimm, Dr. M. J. Popelar checks an elderly patient's blood pressure.



"There isn't a thing I can't do with a needle and thread," says Pauline Barkhau, 82, working on her 285th quilt in 20 years.





When birthdays roll around, Cincinnati church people remember the oldsters with birthday cards, as they did Mary Koeppen's 67th.

Here they are, the old men and women who never married, who may never have been loved by anyone; the contractor who lost everything late in life; the reformed barfly; the 96-year-old who crochets handkerchiefs with "second eyesight"; and the disabled man in a wheelchair who was once a beggar.

Wesley Hall is nondenominational. Mr. Tucker, who devotes full time as superintendent, conducts religious services every Sunday. A Roman Catholic priest holds mass once a month.

"While nothing ever equals the comfort and love and security of one's own home and family," Mr. Tucker declares, "we believe Wesley Hall comes as close to that ideal as is humanly possible to achieve."

"Much of the success of our operation," says Mr. Tucker, "is due to the fine work of the matron, Mrs. Lucille Smith. She is a very devoted person."



Looks at NEW Books



Here in Tanganyika and throughout Africa there is an overwhelming demand for education, says Willard Price in *Incredible Africa*.

"I WISH we had some of that juvenile delinquency you have," the mayor of a small town in Sicily told American writer **Roul Tunley**.

"You mean delinquency's a good thing?" Tunley asked in astonishment.

"Well, I wouldn't say it's exactly a good thing," the mayor hedged. "But we could use the *good things* that always go with it—those nice, new factories, the new houses, the motorcars. In short, prosperity!"

That conversation in 1960 set Tunley off on a study that led him through a dense thicket of theories, doctrines, and "true beliefs" in this country as well as the record around the world. He found that Japan, growing economically at a fantastic rate of progress, had the worst delinquency problem in the Orient, while bursting-at-the-seams Hong Kong had none. He heard backward, illiterate Turkey boast it had no juvenile delinquency, while Israel, vigorous and pushing, admitted its rate had doubled in a decade.

He explored the record in the United States and questioned experts in the field. His conclusion: we have a hostile and unrealistic approach to the problem of childhood.

I found his report in *Kids, Crime*

and *Chaos* (Harper, \$3.95) unusually stimulating reading on a problem that not only touches us all but has a vital bearing on the future of the world.

Tunley is a well-known reporter and editor, and you may remember him for articles in *TOGETHER*—*Sir Hugh Foot: Trouble Shooter for Britain* [February, 1960, page 32] and *Another Headache for France* [February, 1959, page 33].

Willard Price, one-time editor of our church's *World Outlook*, is 74 now, but his 17th travel book, *Incredible Africa* (John Day, \$5.50), is evidence of his continuing yen for going places and writing about them interestingly.

It is easy to produce travel literature that is thick with froth. Because Price doesn't, I salute him. His pages move along briskly and easily; but they are loaded with the silt of solid fact that leaves a deposit in your mind.

As a footnote to *Methodist Deaconesses: 75 Years of Shining Service* [page 35] you young folks might refer to *On Call* (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$2.75), by **Catherine Herzel**.

You'll find that many churches have deaconesses, among them the Church

of England, the Church of Scotland, and Episcopal, Presbyterian, Reformed, Mennonite, and Baptist denominations. Plus Methodists, of course. And the Lutheran churches of the world, which have more deaconesses than any other denomination.

Of all of them, Miss Herzel says: "Their strength comes from two factors. One, they have succeeded in keeping personal initiative and individual responsibility and yet have learned to work together for the good of the group. Two, they are interested in what they can give to their jobs, not in what they can get."

If you know **David Head** through his two previous books (*He Sent Leanness* and *Stammerer's Tongue*), all I have to tell you is that this inimitable Methodist minister has written a third.

Shout for Joy (Macmillan, \$1.95), like his other two books, is a book of prayers. But these, instead of being the prayers of man stumbling toward grace, are the voices of the angels and archangels, the saints and martyrs, the children of Israel, and later believers.

Job (38:4, 7 KJV) cries: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? . . . When the morning

stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

Charles Wesley commands: "Shout the angel-choirs aloud/Echoing to the trump of God."

There are quotations from liturgy, from John and Charles Wesley, from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. Then there are Mr. Head's own interpretations of what the voices of heaven might be saying, in tones of dry English humor, or deeply serious, or in the bright, excited voice of discovery.

His messenger-angels observe: "But, Lord, you also have your human messengers, who sometimes seem so casual, content, and cold. May they, too, communicate their messages with the efficiency of big business, the urgency of total war, and the intensity of divine love."

Martyrs chant: "We died for Thee; to live for Thee can be more difficult."

Ministering angels inquire: "Thou knowest, O Lord, that this is in no way a complaint, but simply an expression of sanctified bewilderment. We fail to understand why such fuss is being made on behalf of these never-satisfied children of men. . . . They are always needing help, always getting into trouble, always crying out for attention. It may be thy good purpose to make them heirs of salvation, but are they really worth all this trouble and travel?"

Joseph says testily: "Of course, I was a prig. Do Thou still deliver those who, like my brothers, hate 'goodness' for the right reasons?"

At the end of the book, in what he calls a "postback" Mr. Head explains why he concerns himself with the voices of heaven. It is a fascinating commentary, with some thought-provoking conjecture on why Roman Catholics pray to the saints and why Protestants do not.

The family life of the great French artist Pierre Auguste Renoir was as warm and happy as his paintings so beloved in America today.

His son, film producer **Jean Renoir**, brings it vividly to life in *Renoir, My Father* (Little, Brown, \$8.95). His love and admiration for the painter, as an artist and as a man, suffuses every page as he tells of the life of the son of a poor tailor born in Limoges in 1841. In Paris, his early paintings, like those of his Impressionist friends, were vilified in reviews and laughed at by the public, but Renoir willingly gave up everything for his art.

When he fell in love with Aline Charigot, he hesitated to marry because he could not provide for her and for the children he felt were essential to a good marriage. To ponder this problem and his growing doubts of Impressionism, he went on a series of trips through France, to Italy, and Algiers.

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BROTHERHOOD

On Our Doorstep and in Far-Off Lands

On February 10, Methodist churches observe Race Relations Sunday. But the year-round and the world-round, we Christians have to make daily decisions on how Christ's commandment to love one another will be reflected in our own lives.

We Dissent (*St Martin's*, \$4.95), edited by **Hoke Norris**—Gives voice to responsible Southern leaders who do not believe in White Citizens Councils and other extreme forms of racism and segregation.

The Mind of the South (*Knopf*, \$4.50; *Vintage*, \$1.65), by **Wilbur J. Cash**—Examines Southern history, economics, politics, and society. Written in 1941, still a major contribution to understanding.

Come Out the Wilderness (*Harper*, \$3.95), by **Bruce Kenrick**—Tells the story of interracial tensions and Christian brotherhood in New York City's teeming East Harlem Protestant Parish.

Diary of a Sit-In (*University of North Carolina Press*, \$5), by **Merrill Proudfoot**—The record of what happened to a clergyman and his associates at Knoxville, Tenn., lunch counters.

Nobody Knows My Name (*Dial*, \$4.50), by **James Baldwin**—Shares the reactions of talented Negro writer who returned from Europe to find the U.S. in the early days of the school-integration battle.

Let My People Go (*McGraw-Hill*, \$5.50), by **Albert Luthuli**—The autobiography of a Nobel Peace Prize winner who has devoted his lifetime to the struggle for racial equality in South Africa.

The Whole World's in His Hand (*Dutton*, \$4.50), by **Grace Nies Fletcher**—Chronicles a New England housewife's trip to the World Council of Churches Assembly in New Delhi and on to eastern Asia, and her discovery that Christians of all races are working together toward peace.

When he returned, he did marry Aline and began to enjoy some financial security.

In 1897, after years of recognition, ease, and enjoyment of life, Renoir suffered an accident that left him a victim of a progressive paralysis. Despite the fact that he was in a wheelchair and despite the crippling of his hands, he continued to paint every day, experimenting with styles and the use of colors until his death in 1919.

The book is a brilliant re-creation of the world in which Renoir lived and of people whose lives touched his. These include some of France's immortals.

Poppo (Simon and Schuster, \$3.75) is the appealing chronicle of a nine-year-old Puerto Rican boy's campaign to get himself adopted by a childless couple.

Poppo simply walked into their middle-class Brooklyn Heights home and introduced himself. Author **Josef Berger** soon sensed that his indifferent shrug, when offered food, really meant: "For God's sake, yes!" and conveniently had a bite to eat handy for the boy's visits.

Poppo was delighted to find that a swimming teacher named Gallagher could be nice to little Puerto Rican boys, but in his estimation, his teacher, Mrs. Israels, was "one of the gang of Jews who killed God, pasting Him on the cross."

Poppo detached himself from his gang, the Suicides, which was always fighting the Mau Maus, and gradually took on middle-class ways; but he was torn between the new home and the old. He finally returned to his own family.

If you're a pillar-of-the-church Methodist who wanted to attend the 1961 World Methodist Conference at Oslo, Norway, and didn't get there, I'd have a word with you. The *Proceedings of the Tenth World Methodist Conference* (Abingdon, \$4.50) can now be had in book form.

Convention reports are rarely inspiring. I don't say these are. But, thumbing and reading, I found that the speeches and records gave me a freshly realistic understanding of Methodism's worldwide vitality.

Boys and girls reaching toward 10 will enjoy the best of the old folk stories of the Tennessee mountains, gathered together in *Smoky Mountain Sampler* (Abingdon, \$2.75) by **May Justus**.

These are true-to-life stories of friendly folk. "The outlander must linger with us a while to catch our songs and tunes because we are not an anticky folk," Miss Justus says. "We do not show off on purpose even to entertain outlander guests. But if he will stay

and make himself at home with us under the roof of our cabin, eating our sallet and corn pone or ashcake, maybe . . . we'll forget to be tongue tied and, in the middle of a churning or half-way down a furrow, we may break into a song."

White Danger (Holiday House, \$2.95) is an up-to-date, true picture of the life of government men who measure winter snows in the Rockies to forecast water runoff the following spring. The story centers in the fictional experiences of young Joe Bob Bancroft, who became a member of a team of "snow men." Author **Oren Arnold** is well-known to **TOGETHER** readers. Perhaps you remember *Pornography Can Hit Your Home, Too* [March, 1960, page 22] or *How Do You Rate As a Neighbor?* [July, 1961, page 21].

And still a third mountain book for boys and girls. **Franklyn E. Meyer** has written what may become a modern children's classic in *Me and Caleb* (Follett, \$3.25). This is the story of two young brothers and their life in a small town in the Missouri Ozarks, and it has a distinct Huckleberry Finn flavor.

Matters theological are always in a state of flux, but my better-informed friends tell me they really are spinning right now.

I grew up in the "liberal" period, when we were much more optimistic about man and his world than we are in this day of "neo-orthodoxy." I am grateful for the corrective this newer understanding of God and man provides, but I would regret the complete loss of liberal insights.

This is why I am delighted to find a thorough and comprehensive discussion of the leading liberal theologians in **Kenneth Cauthen's** new book, *The Impact of American Religious Liberalism* (Harper & Row, \$6). Considering such men as Harry Emerson Fosdick and Walter Rauschenbusch, Dr. Cauthen illustrates the thesis that liberal theologians shared basic similarities despite great individual differences. One major pattern seen in all liberal thinkers, for example, was the principle of continuity, where man and God were seen as somehow existing on a continuous though widely separate plane. Today's theologians emphasize the principle of discontinuity.

The book is heavy going but rewarding, if you want to know where we have been in American theology, as well as where we probably are going.

Newspaper columns in which parents advise other parents on raising their children are pretty common. But a column in which a child advises parents is something different.

So reasoned a bright Canadian

youngster, **Henry Makow**, who wanted to earn some money toward his college education. Henry figured he was well qualified to run this sort of a column because, after all, he had been a child for 11 years and understood children's problems! He knocked out a sample column and sent it to the editor of the *Ottawa Journal*, who agreed to pay him \$3 a week for a weekly column. Within a year, Henry's advice was featured in newspapers throughout the United States and Canada, and his earnings a good bit more than \$3 a week.

Samples of his down-to-earth views are now available in his first book, *Ask Henry* (Prentice-Hall, \$2.95).

To a mother who complained that her three children kept hiding the yardstick she kept for purposes of discipline, he counseled: "Stay yardstickless. When your children are bad, get your hand out and make it do its job. They can't hide your hand."

To the worried parent of an eight-year-old who cried when he lost at checkers: "Play, let him lose, and let him cry. Before you laugh, you have to cry. Before you win, you have to lose."

To the panic-stricken parent of a boy who had invited 25 friends to his seventh-birthday party: "Since you have a small house, stage the riot in your backyard."

Where does he get his answers? Henry says he gets them from the same place Einstein got his theories. Perhaps he does.

"A family man, deeply religious, a devotee and example of physical fitness [he] represents the highest ideals of American life."

Perhaps you've already identified him as football's all-time great player and coach, Amos Alonzo Stagg, who celebrated his 100th birthday last August. To commemorate the event, the Amos Alonzo Stagg Foundation, Inc., of San Francisco, Calif., has published a fine pictorial biography, *The Unreconstructed Amateur*, with running commentary by **Bob Considine**.

The book's great value, it seems to me, is in the numerous photographs which follow football's grand old man from boyhood to his 100th year. The price is \$7.50—well worth it if you are interested in the sport and the life of the man who worked to build character as well as winning teams. A life-long Methodist, he first planned to become a minister. [See Mr. Stagg's article, *Bring the Best Out of Boys!* August, 1957, page 15.]

Proceeds from the book, which someday may become a collector's item, will aid in building the Stagg Physical Fitness Center at University of the Pacific, Stockton, Calif.

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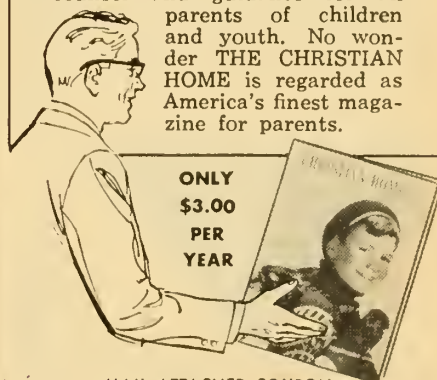
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Through a book, a motion picture, and the Broadway stage, the story of Anna Leonowens, the English governess who educated the royal children of Siam—and their father the king as well—has become a beloved bit of history.

R. J. Minney picks up the tale a generation later to tell us what happened to Anna's son, Louis; the young prince who had been Anna's pupil; their fellow students in Anna's school; and Sri Suriwong, the formidable prime minister of Siam who was appointed regent and still governed the country even after the prince had been crowned king.

Fanny and the Regent of Siam (World, \$4.95) centers around the beautiful daughter of the British consul-general and her tragic love story. The regent wanted Fanny to marry one of his grandsons; but she had fallen deeply in love with a young Siamese baron whose family the regent wanted to destroy. Almost immediately after the marriage, the regent imprisoned the baron, who died in captivity without ever having a chance to speak in his own defense in court. Family lands were confiscated, and Fanny had to flee to England.

She became bitter and vengeful. Yet, good did come out of tragedy. At great personal risk, she returned to Bangkok to fight for fair trials, improved education, and other gains for the Siamese people she loved. Finally, she began to realize revenge achieved nothing. She still retained her ultimate goal of abolishing the absolute monarchy, but she realized her chief desire was to serve people.

Less than seven years after her death, the king was stripped of his arbitrary powers and the limited monarchy Fanny had dreamed of became a fact. Among the organizers of the coup d'état was a student Fanny had sent to Europe by selling her last piece of jewelry.

French writers are rediscovering French Protestantism and its roots in the so-called Albigensian heresy.

You may remember my calling your attention to Zoe Oldenbourg's excellent historical study in *Massacre at Montsegur* [August, 1962, page 41]. Now we have two more books that recall the slaughter of Protestants back in 1572. Both were written in French, now are available in English.

The Massacre of Saint Bartholomew (Macmillan, \$3.50) is by Henri Noguères, dramatist and editor of a historical review. *St. Bartholomew's Night* (Pantheon, \$5) is the work of Philippe Erlanger, member of the French academy, who has written 15 historical works covering the 16th and 17th centuries.

The genocides of the 20th century

make the collective murders of the 16th appear trivial, Erlanger observes: "And yet the massacre of St. Bartholomew still possesses a vibrant reality, and the horror it caused then causes horror still."

More than 2,000 Paris Huguenots—men, women, and children—were exterminated in one night with horrifying brutality, in the name of religion. The violence continued until an estimated 50,000 victims of religious persecution were put to death.

Living and working in a mushrooming metropolitan area as I do, it is hard for me to remember that there are parts of the world that still look as they did hundreds, even thousands, of years ago. Oh, geologists and geographers would point out that the shore line has changed here, or a river follows a different course there, but to the layman's eye the landscape would be the same.

The book that reminded me of this was *Columbus in the New World* (Doubleday, \$15), in which Bradley Smith uses words and color photography to show us the beaches, mountains, lagoons, and seas Columbus' eyes fell on during his four voyages to the New World. Even the natives still live and look much as they did 500 years ago.

The book is expensive, but the presentation will stretch your imagination. If you can't add it to your home library I suggest you take a look into it on your next trip to the public library.

Judging by the thousands of manuscripts that come to TOGETHER each year, a lot of our readers are interested in becoming writers as well.

Now nothing pleases a magazine editor more than to find a sparkling, informative, interesting, unsolicited manuscript in the morning mail. But this happens all too seldom, and some of the reasons are discussed in detail by Omer Henry in *Writing and Selling Magazine Articles* (The Writer, Inc., \$5).

He reprints and analyzes a number of articles that have scored with various editors, and TOGETHER readers will be particularly interested in one that appeared in this magazine in October, 1958 [page 33]. Many Look, Few See was Associate Editor Herman B. Teeter's word portrait of Mrs. Myrtle Walgreen, long-time Methodist, lecturer, philanthropist, color-photo hobbyist, and widow of the chain drugstore founder.

"The rules are simple," says Omer Henry. "Understand the audience, know the men and women who read the magazine which you hope will buy your story. Know why they read that publication. Then, put into your article the very things these readers want."

—BARNABAS



Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

THE EDITOR of TOGETHER has suggested that, in addition to browsing through a novel or two, or three, I might like to range more widely and comment on such things as seem to me significant to The Methodist Church in this year of our Lord, 1963. He has even given me a little more space which is the ultimate gift from an editor!

Last month I told a story, and this month I shall speak a more direct word about what we refer to as the Aldersgate experience of John Wesley. It seems trite to many Methodist preachers to say anything more about this wonderful event, but I am astounded at our ignorance of our heritage. I shall repeat, therefore, the entry in John Wesley's *Journal* under the date of May 24, 1738.

"In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation: And an assurance was given me, that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death."

In the month of May, 1938, I read those words at a particularly crucial time in my own life. It came to me that this had happened 200 years ago, and maybe it could happen to me. I found great comfort and strength in the thought; and during the last 25 years, Aldersgate has come to mean a great promise.

The Methodist Church is celebrating the 225th Anniversary of Aldersgate this year. The church needs this experience desperately, but that only means that I need it and you need it.

Will God in very truth give us an inner assurance that our sins are forgiven? Can we feel a new sense of power, and can we know that in Christ we can be adequate for the living of these days? Brethren, I believe it with all my heart.

Now, let's turn to a trio of new novels and see what they offer. One deals with a minister, the second an ape on Gibraltar, and the third a Russian noblewoman—as varied a *Browsing* as we've had in months.

A SIMPLE HONORABLE MAN, by Conrad Richter (*Knopf, \$4.50*).

Talking about Aldersgate is not a bad introduction for this book. Here is a simple story of a Lutheran minister who never had a large church. Yet those who came to know him had the feeling that they were in the presence of goodness and love.

He had the inner glow and he had the inner power. He went to the places where there was a need for a minister, and his service was with the poor and the cantankerous.

Invited one time to become the associate minister of a rich city church, he found himself unable to take it because others could do it as well. His wife was denied many of the things he wanted to give her, but she never complained because together they were serving God and the Church.

The story is realistic without the usual sentimental overtones of sacrifice which so many books on the ministry seem to reflect. What a fine thing it is to read about a simple, honorable preacher in a day when so much of the talk we hear is on the strains—and the betrayals—of our calling.

If *The Stained Glass Jungle* gave you a feeling of spiritual nausea, here is the antidote. There are such men, and I know them personally. They shame all the pretensions and ambitions which mark the ministries of their more brilliant brethren. So long as the Church can continue to produce them, it will be able to demonstrate to the world what God can make of ordinary men.

If the Church could do nothing except this, it would justify its existence. But I must stop, because it is so much easier to praise "the simple, honorable men" of the Christian ministry than it is to silently try to emulate them.

SCRUFFY, by Paul Gallico (*Doubleday, \$4.50*).

The hero of this book is an ape whose home was Gibraltar. Not only is he an ape but he is such a mean ape that it is very hard to discover any heroic qualities in him.

When the war came, people recalled an

old legend that as long as the apes were on Gibraltar the British would never be driven out. It became pretty important to see that they stayed—especially with Spain's Franco hovering on the brink of joining the Axis.

But it looked for a while as if the apes were doomed. How this affected the high command and the military brass is a joy to behold. Nobody can handle a theme like this better than Paul Gallico, and he makes the most of a situation created for his whimsy.

There are some very interesting human beings in the story as well as Scruffy. I found the book a delight. Mrs. 'Arris is not in this book, but there are some others very much like her. I do not have to say any more for those of you who read about the time she went to Paris. I should warn you, perhaps, that there is a little sex in this book, but it mostly concerns Scruffy so that I would think very few will be offended.

BEFORE MY TIME, by Niccolo Tucci (*Simon and Schuster, \$7.50*).

This is a good book; and if you don't believe it, just read the reviews. All these learned critics commented on how well written it is, and how satisfactory it is literarily.

The only trouble with the book is that I never got interested in it, and it never seemed to be very real to me. I could have laid it down any moment without regret. I make this confession because you had better follow the learned critics and not me.

The book has to do with a Russian noblewoman and the effect her selfish life had on her children. She spent her money wildly, and she did just as she pleased. But it seemed more like a fairy story than anything that actually happened so far as I was concerned.

Tucci is an artist when it comes to using words. I have read some other things he has done and I appreciate the keenness of his mind and the skillfulness of his art.

But this novel rang no bells for me—which is probably a judgment on the reviewer rather than on Tucci. Now you are on your own.



Letters

How Lord's Acre Started

MRS. C. P. STALLINGS, JR.
San Antonio, Texas

You may be able to picture the expression on the face of a young minister when he arrived with his family in a small east Texas town one rainy afternoon in the fall of 1925—only to be told frankly that the town didn't want a preacher!

The ramshackle parsonage had been taken over by a bank when the con-



Mr. Lokey: Lord's Acre Originator.

gregation defaulted on the debt. And much of the pastor's salary for the previous year was unpaid. But the Rev. Clarence W. Lokey had been assigned to Edgewood Methodist Church, and he was determined to stick it out.

Soon he presented a novel plan for raising money. If each church family would plant, cultivate, and harvest an acre of land for the church, he thought, the church could pay off many of its debts in a year. He suggested that anyone unable to dedicate an acre could dedicate a calf, a pig, a hen, a setting of eggs, or some other farm, family, or home enterprise to the Lord's work.

This was the origin of the program pictured so gloriously in *Farming for the Lord* [November, 1962, page 37].

Times were tough when that initial program was launched. Some members did not have money for seed, an animal, or raw materials to start any project. But with donated or borrowed funds, Mr. Lokey made it possible even for these persons to participate.

When the harvest was brought in, the profits not only paid the pastor's salary,

but reduced the debt by \$4,000 and paid some other expenses.

Approximately 200 of the 216 members of the church took part in that first program. Fifty other persons, including the Baptist minister, had similar projects for their churches.

The success of the "Edgewood Plan" led to its adoption as the "Lord's Acre Program" of the then Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Mr. Lokey was given a six-month leave of absence by the Texas Conference to develop the churchwide program. Since then many variations of it have been developed by denominations the world over.

Mr. Lokey now is director of Spanish-speaking work for the Division of National Missions of the Methodist Board of Missions. His office is in San Antonio, Texas.

Advises 'Center on Self'

MRS. MARY BROWN
San Rafael, Calif.

A church may be called self-centered [see *Are Our Churches Too Self-Centered?* November, 1962, page 24], but we often refer to a personal relationship in using the term "self." Our churches center on a thing rather than a self. This thing may be an institution or organization, but not personal self.

There is little difference between the benevolent church and the church that devotes itself to its own edifice—if the church is impersonal. Either program can create a barricade against the personal encounter on which the Christian message depends. The church becomes an agency through which we can be busy helping others, so that we lose our own feeling of needing help.

Christians need the courage to become self-centered—on the person in daily life. Only in that church which dares to become personal can Christian fellowship break down the walls and become a reality.

Formalism Without Liturgy?

ERNEST D. MILLER, *Pastor*
First Methodist Church
Fillmore, Calif.

For all Protestants, active participation in public worship by the layman should be a priority. But there may often be too much formalism in worship and not enough liturgy. A church may

be frozen in formalism and not have liturgy at all.

As Romey P. Marshall points out in *Too Much Formalism in Our Church Services?* [October, 1962, page 24], liturgy means "the work of the people." Liturgical worship requires congregational participation in every phase of the service.

Formalism is not the result of liturgical worship; it may arise because of the lack of liturgical worship. Our choice is not whether or not we will follow form but whether we will follow a good form.

Liturgical worship may take place in a bare hall without a choir and without vestments. It depends on whether or not the people take part—and how they do.

Rather than abandon symbols, aids of worship, let us teach the people what they mean.

No 'Amen' for Rev. Marshall

JESSE NASH
Kerrville, Texas

The Rev. Romey Pitt Marshall gets no "amen" from me on his statement we have too little formal worship in our churches today. Politics and the church are regimenting the people of our nation into conformists. We are fast losing our individualism. Like sheep, we run across the road (following our pastor) without thinking where we are going or what we are doing.

Genuine Christian worship comes from the heart. We have from 12 to 15 ditties we read responsively each Sunday, then a printed prayer. This story gives a good picture of what ritualism is doing for our Methodist Church.

I hope and pray we can get ritualism out of our Methodist churches, and return to the John Wesley heartfelt, spirit-filled services.

'Captive' Listeners?

JOHN G. RAMSAY
United Steelworkers of America
Washington, D.C.

I am always "hopefully" looking for a good experience of industrial chaplains. Without additional information regarding the Cherryville, N.C., pictorial *Chaplain to Truck Drivers* [November, 1962, page 64], I have had another disappointment.

It is reported that 7-minute devotions are carried over 80 loudspeakers, "throughout offices, the garage, tire-recapping plant, and home terminal." Let me quote further, "Employees are not required to participate, but all are asked to stop work during the devotions." How do you not participate in a situation such as you portray?

This type of "in-plant preaching" is to a captive audience. I have found in other situations that there often is discrimination in hiring employees be-



About 1,000 shook hands with the Family-of-the-Year (foreground).

Whites 'Back to Normal'

DR. & MRS. J. ANTHONY WHITE
Easley, S.C.

We thought you readers would like to share this newsy letter from the 1962 Methodist Family-of-the-Year, Dr. and Mrs. White and their five children, who were pictured in the November, 1962, TOGETHER [page 16]. It was written after they returned home from the National Methodist Conference on Family Life in Chicago, where they were our guests.—EDS.

We finally have got back to normal living after the succession of very busy days since our return.

It was a high privilege for us to make the trip to Chicago, to attend the Family Life Conference, and to get such wonderful attention as the representative Methodist Family-of-the-Year. The children were awed by the throng at the conference—more than 3,700 persons.

We have received a deluge of congratulatory letters. Among them was one from an uncle of Tony's (Dr. White) in Georgia. He had heard the news from a Stars and Stripes clipping sent by his daughter in Seoul, Korea. A local friend received a letter with a clipping from her sister in Spain.

We had a wonderfully warm letter from Bishop W. Ralph Ward (Syracuse Area).

And Bishop Paul Hardin, Jr., (Columbia Area) preached in our church (First Methodist, Easley) the first Sunday we were home.

The children have been called on to make reports in school. Johnny (age 10) described the trip to five grades. A teacher told me he said: "I'd never been in a receiving line before. People have the funniest hands—some are hot, some cold; some smooth, others rough; some sweaty and damp."

We shook hands with about 1,000 persons in that receiving line.

Ann (eight) told her classmates about David (five) going to sleep during Bob Richards' talk. She added: "Daddy went to sleep, too—in fact, he goes to sleep in church sometimes."

Lillian, Tony
Johnny
Martha White
Ann
DAVID
Joni

cause of their religion, color, race, or national origin.

Lest I be misunderstood, I am not opposed to the evangelism within the plant by laymen or clergymen who make their personal witness by word or deed. Neither am I opposed to pastors counseling in plants, along with those from management and unions who are

trained to offer these services to their fellowmen.

'Jericho' Joke Not Funny?

MRS. CARL B. KING
Bluefield, W.Va.

I enjoy humor, but ignorance of the Bible is not my idea of being funny. I

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take exception to a joke in *The Wicked Flea* [November, 1962, page 30]. "Who broke down the walls of Jericho?" is a feeble attempt to be humorous. Ignorance of the Bible is distressing, so such a joke is out of place in a church magazine.

And that joke is merely a new version of an old joke. As I heard it years ago, a teacher wanting to impress a visiting member of the school board asked, "Who signed the Magna Charta?" When a boy spoke up that it wasn't he, the board member remarked, "He looks suspicious. I believe he did."

Except for this, *TOGETHER* is splendid, in every issue.

Rebuttal Well-Taken

EUGENE R. MELSON
Jefferson, Iowa

God-fearing Methodist lawyers can only quietly resent the dig at their profession in *The Wicked Flea* [November, 1962, page 30].

Was it necessary to picture a lawyer as denying God? My profession has no corner on it. The point is good, but would have been just as effective if any other profession had been mentioned. I would not care to hang the "haughty" tag on any group.

The only possible answer for the lawyer: "I'll try to do better."

Jokes submitted by readers are accepted as being in the spirit of harmless, light humor, without intending any offense to an individual, group, or profession. Yes, Mr. Melson, the point of this little story strikes almost all of us, regardless of occupation.—EDS.

How to Live to Be 100

EARL W. MUTCH
Chardon, Ohio

Margaret F. Donaldson writes that spiritual strength is the key to the longevity of Bishop Herbert Welch [By Reason of Strength, November, 1962, page 22].

This explanation is not adequate. A man who has maintained vigorous physical health for 100 years should have something significant to say about the care of the body.

Although tooth decay can be prevented almost entirely, 95 percent of our people are suffering from it. This is the first warning that abuse is breaking down the body. The church gives attention to the role of liquor and tobacco in injuring the body, but faulty nutrition may cause as much, or more, damage. Sugar is not good for human beings, because it upsets the body chemistry.

The Scripture says the body is the temple of the Holy Spirit; if anyone destroys the temple, God will destroy him. Will God hold us guiltless if we continue to destroy the temple by feed-

ing children the junk that causes tooth decay, diabetes, arthritis, cancer, and heart disease?

Bishop Welch's Circulation Is Up

HERBERT WELCH, Retired Bishop
The Methodist Church
New York, N.Y.

TOGETHER may not have increased its circulation by sending Margaret Donaldson after me, but you certainly increased my circulation! I have heard of it from all parts of the country. Of course it was too good to me; but I thank you just the same. With best wishes.

From the Poet's Son

ERIC M. NORTH
New York, N.Y.

As the son of Frank Mason North, I appreciate the pictorial treatment of his hymn, *Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life* [October, 1962, page 37].

The pictures are fascinating and appropriate, though the agricultural and country scenes do not quite fit the area of the hymn, which was basically a city hymn.

I am interested also in the picture of



him, at the head of the article *A Prayer for the City* [page 36], which is very good. I know of only one bas-relief.

The photograph of Dr. Frank Mason North was made from a plaque in Jefferson Park Methodist Church, New York City.—EDS.

'Angels' or 'God' or What?

MRS. BERTHA S. STEWARD
Colorado Springs, Colo.

What a horrible translation of Psalms 8:4-5 in the second meditation for *Light Unto My Path* [November, 1962, page 48].

Man was "made a little lower than the angels"—not a "little less than God." I hope people will refer to a better translation of the Bible when quoting.

A "little lower than the angels" is the King James Version—which dates

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back to 1611. "A little less than God" is the Revised Standard Version of 1952, which now is in general use in The Methodist Church. Biblical scholars explain that the latter is the correct translation of the Hebrew word. It means that man's affinity is with the Creator, not with anything that was made.—Eds.

Note on the Hymnal

EARL E. HARPER

State University of Iowa

Iowa City, Iowa

My compliments on the story of our procedures and labors as a hymnal revision committee [A New Hymnal Is Born, October, 1962, page 64].

I have great pleasure reading your fine magazine each month; and as a fairly practiced amateur photographer, I realize you have achieved magnificent standards of photographic reproduction.

A Feather for Our Cap

MRS. RAY FARLEY

Lewisburg, Tenn.

The frequency that the Reader's Digest has reprinted selections from TOGETHER proves the superiority of the quality of material presented and the catholic appeal of the subject matter. This is all the more remarkable since TOGETHER is a church publication.

Church Bells Were Silent

CLARENCE C. THIELE, Chaplain

Bergen Pines County Hospital

Paramus, N.J.

While the world was holding its breath in the Cuban crisis, wondering if it might be destroyed in the next second, what did the churches do? There was no call to prayer. Individuals have told me they kept listening to hear church bells call them to prayer.

Perhaps we no longer believe the poet, "More things are wrought by prayer/Than this world dreams of."

During the first few days of the Cuban crisis, the National Council of Churches and Bishop Marshall Reed, president of the Methodist Council of Bishops, were among the many who called all peoples to pray for peace.

—Eds.

Thank You, Mrs. Cooper

MRS. CALVIN R. COOPER

Anaheim, California

I have often wanted to write and add our praise for the wonderful wholesomeness of TOGETHER, and I have hesitated because I'm sure you have already received every compliment possible. There is nothing that lifts my spirits like a kind word though, no matter how many have been spoken before!

So often, in recent issues, there have been articles which we have felt a part of. Sometimes They Let Me Preach

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[October, page 13] left tears on my cheeks, for just three short years ago my husband decided to enter the ministry after 20 years in the field of electronics. It has been and is a glorious experience to have a new life after years as (we thought) busy laymen!

It's grand to have a publication I can put on the coffee table and never have to think "I wonder if there is anything in it the children shouldn't see?" We have a child to suit every lap, you see—five chosen ones of all races and clans.

A Matter of Interest

W. W. PRATT, Exec. Dir.
Pennsylvania Credit Union League
Harrisburg, Pa.

Could You Meet a Financial Crisis? [December, 1962, page 29] indicates that a credit union loan was obtained "at 3 percent interest for as long as four years." We appreciate the asterisk reference, "Most credit unions charge 1 percent per month on a declining basis for the first \$1,000 borrowed." However, the inference that the loan was made at 3 percent interest presents a rather unusual rate, and the footnote does not actually represent the general practice of most credit unions.

Thus, a \$1,000 loan repaid in monthly payments on time, would have an actual dollar cost of \$6.50 a year. If payments are made irregularly, the interest rate remains the same. Late payments will increase the total dollars of interest.

Salute From the 'Digest'

WILLIAM S. WOODS
Old Lyme, Conn.

I admire your excellent magazine, a stunning job. TOGETHER is edited with rare gumption.

Mr. Woods, who for 28 years was editor of the Literary Digest, is recognized widely as an eminent critic of magazines.—Eds.

Be Original, Not a Copier

LARS H. SOUDER
Davenport, Iowa
and
W. CARLTON BUMP
Washington, Iowa

We agree with Henry L. Norton's general intent in *Don't Just Sit There: Make Something!* [October, 1962, page 62]. But we feel the way should be selected very carefully.

Paint-by-number kits do not spawn creativity because nothing is created. Such kits are merely the continuance of somebody else's idea.

Many crafts explained by Mr. Norton could be made creative if so much emphasis were not placed on purchase of molds. Why must we do everything

from premade molds, or patterns, or detailed directions? Why don't Woman's Society ladies make their own interesting molds for candles?

Real creativity involves integrity. Integrity in these endeavors is as important as the respect for truth we try to teach through church school.

Did Whiskey Cost a Life?

GEORGE D. JAMES, JR.
Unadilla, N.Y.

Luther T. Smith might well have included in *Lincoln and Liquor* [October, 1962, page 32] the following from Harry Golden's *Carl Sandburg*:

"The key to Lincoln's murder was Parker's dereliction of duty. He left the theater and his post outside the president's box to drink whiskey in a nearby saloon."

Parker was one of the four officers detailed from the metropolitan police force to guard the president.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Backlighting: Remember that snapshot of Aunt Minnie you took last summer—the one where she's squinting into the sun? Remember, too, the black shadows that covered her eyes and the trouble you had in posing her because her eyes watered when she faced the bright sun?

Want to avoid all this? Then you will have to ignore rules, as our photographer did when he posed Mary Lou Hutchinson at Scarritt College, Nashville, Tenn. [See American Deaconesses: 75 Years of Shining Service, page 35]. Note the backlight, the natural smile, and wide-open eyes because she was not squinting into the sun. Our photographer turned her away from it, opened up his lens two full stops to compensate for the shadow side of the face (double checking with his meter), and made a dozen exposures as she posed without restriction.

The technique is called backlighting. You can expose for the area of the face, or use natural reflectors such as sandy beaches and snow. Flashbulbs can be used but require careful computation of light and exposure. Once you have learned backlighting, you can forget that old amateur rule to "have the light come over your left shoulder as you face the subject!"

Here are photo credits for this issue:

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An ideal family hobby? Here's one—and these enthusiasts boast . . .

We Are the Puppet People!

By DOROTHY WEHKING

WATCHING A Japanese marionette show recently in Tokyo, my husband and I cringed when a dainty, lace-edged handkerchief fluttered to the miniature stage. We knew at once it was a backstage accident, not part of the play, so we watched in fascination as the unseen puppeteer swiftly swept the handkerchief off the stage with the doll's skirts.

We had experienced a similar mishap a few years ago when our daughter Katrina—suffering from a bad cold but in the best “show must go on” tradition—was working the strings of a dancing doll with a cleansing tissue ready in one hand. Somehow it slipped from her grasp and fell, breaking whatever illusion had been created by the miniature figures performing on stage.

I should explain that my husband is Lt.-Col. Elmer E. Wehking, chaplain at a U.S. Air Force base near Tokyo, and that we were transferred here two years ago from the United States. The hardest part of our packing then had been storing our marionettes—ending temporarily a hobby that had consumed almost every spare waking hour of our family for nine years! We realized that we were packing away memories, and that we might not give any more shows as a family.

During those nine years, my husband and our two daughters gave scores of puppet shows—averaging a half hour each—before groups in churches, schools, public libraries, on military bases, and in private homes. We wrote or adapted our own scripts, made costumes, stages, and appropriate scenery, and tape recorded both dialogue and background music for each performance.

So you see why packing away some two-dozen puppet characters—plus dozens of wardrobe costumes, assorted stage settings, and other paraphernalia—was a sad chore for all of us. You also can understand why so many fond memories flooded back when the dainty handkerchief fluttered to the stage in Tokyo.

Fortunately, my husband's present

tour of duty coincides with our daughter's college years. Katrina is a freshman and our older daughter, Lenore, is a junior—both at California Western University, San Diego. And I am free again for part-time teaching. So we're all busy.

But though our family is half a world apart, we feel a closeness which I'm sure is partly due to the countless hours we spent together with our puppets. And we're still reaping benefits from the hobby!

Hunting just the right background music for our shows, for example, awakened an interest that has led both of our daughters to select music as their major field in college. Our record library still clearly shows the influence of those searches.

Hunting the proper musical accompaniment for a snake-charmer puppet led us to the recorder counter at a music store—and another new hobby. The recorder is an ancient, flute-toned musical instrument in which interest only recently has been revived. The simplest of the woodwinds, it is shaped and played like an ordinary whistle, having a thumb and finger holes.

We collected soprano, alto, and tenor recorders and play quartettes when the girls are home from college. When they're away, we old folks still can play duets!

Our enthusiasm for recorders also led us to discover the subtle charm of 16th-century music—and through *that* the joys of rereading Samuel Pepys' *Diary*!

The stage shows we see—especially in Tokyo, where the art of stagecraft has reached new heights—are far more interesting to us than to most tourists. We do not merely see a show, we immediately compare staging problems with those we encountered (in miniature) on our marionette stages. The girls say that when (not if, but *when*) they get back to puppetry, they are going to work out a revolving stage—which would be a real innovation in the puppet theater!

In Japan, puppeteers are almost a profession, apart, and we enjoy their



Backstage operations find Katrina and Lenore Wehking pulling the strings in a practice session. The puppets are stored temporarily while both girls major in music education—an interest developed by their puppeteering—at California Western University.

Name Your Hobby

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WEAVING: Patty Ryan, 16 Mullan St., Uniontown, Pa.

shows not only for the ancient traditions they reflect, but also for the string-pulling artistry we recognize as fellow puppeteers.

Seeing any puppet performance reawakens memories of how we began our own hobby. Lenore had a slight speech impediment for which our doctor had recommended some activity that would require her to use her voice. So one day, when Lenore was in third grade and Katrina was in first, I bought four marionettes: a witch, a princess disguised as a maid, a prince, and a clown.

At home, we promptly improvised a temporary stage. From that day on we began adding "puppet junk."

The term "puppet junk" means just that: junk. Not just the dolls themselves, but anything we thought might come in handy someday as a stage prop. Scraps of cloth, toy instruments, pipe cleaners, wire, spangles, costume jewelry, pieces of board—virtually anything qualified and was added to our stockpile. Only we, of course, saw value in much of this collection. Even our stage once was listed in a moving company's inventory as "a bundle of sticks!"

The prop-hunting habit has held over to this day and on many shopping tours we find ourselves exclaiming, "What a neat puppet prop!"

Early in our puppeteering, Katrina took the voice part of the witch in our shows, complete with malicious cackle. This talent led her to try out first for the part of the witch in a school production of *Hänsel and Gretel*, then later, for nonwitchy parts. Her interest in drama has continued, and she also has branched out into debating and public speaking. Another of Katrina's specialties was a knack with little things requiring patience. So she worked on the small properties, making a butterfly, or a king's robe, or whatever the script called for from our collection of junk.

Lenore's specialty always was the selection of background music for our productions. She used to spend happy hours listening for music that is perfect for a sailor to dance to, or for an owl to fly to, or for witches to cackle to. She often tells us that those experiences were invaluable preparation for her college music studies, and she would recommend it for anyone majoring in music—"It teaches them the literature of the subject."

Both girls spent many afternoons together at the marionette theater in San Diego's city park, seeing the show twice through and talking afterward with the puppeteers. And both picked up a knowledge of staging, experience in voice control and delivery, and a love of the performing arts that will stand by them for a lifetime.

Through books, we learned some of

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SPEND HOLY WEEK in the Holy Land. Visit 14 countries with Christian group. Sunrise service at Garden Tomb. 31 days. Write: Rev. William H. Morford, 559 Mary St., Flint, Michigan.

the marvelous, ages-old history of puppets—for example, the finding of almost identical puppets in such widely separated burial grounds as ancient Egypt and Mexico, and that an entire puppet theater was found in an Egyptian tomb. As long ago as a thousand years before the birth of Christ, puppets were as popular as movies are today.

Until about 1920, the mechanical aspects of marionettes were a carefully guarded secret so that it was difficult for an amateur to begin. But since that time, how-to literature has become available to anyone.

For anyone wishing to take up this hobby, there are many reference books in almost all libraries. We have read at least 30 of them. The best single source, in our opinion, is *Marionettes, A Hobby For Everyone*, by Mabel and Les Beaton (Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York: 1948).

Some of our marionettes were bought complete, but most of them were made from kits. Recently we made a Santa marionette of cloth, doing the design, construction, and costuming ourselves. That was such challenging fun that we have several others in various stages of completion. Actually, we are at the point where creating all our own puppets is our goal.

All our other puppets are still in storage except three—two clowns and a sailor—who sit on top of Lenore's bookcase and look sad. It's probably because they almost never get to make anyone laugh anymore, except perhaps for five minutes during a break from the books.

As for practical influences this hobby has had on our lives, let me explain in Katrina's words: "We have something to be proud of. We are 'the puppet people'!" Wherever we move—and, as an Air Force family, we move about every three years—we've had an 'in,' a means of getting around and meeting people of the civilian community.

The hobby has developed some of our hidden talents, and has kept us out of some fields in which we found we had no talents.

This is not to mention the still greater benefits we've derived from years of working together on a common hobby, entertaining others, and building a storehouse of memories we'll always share as a family.

The fact of the matter is, we couldn't give up puppetry even if we wanted to. All of us notice little things most other people don't, have had experiences other people couldn't have, and are doomed to go around forever quoting appropriate lines from puppet dramas that make no sense to anyone else.

But we're not at all concerned. These are habits we see no need to break!



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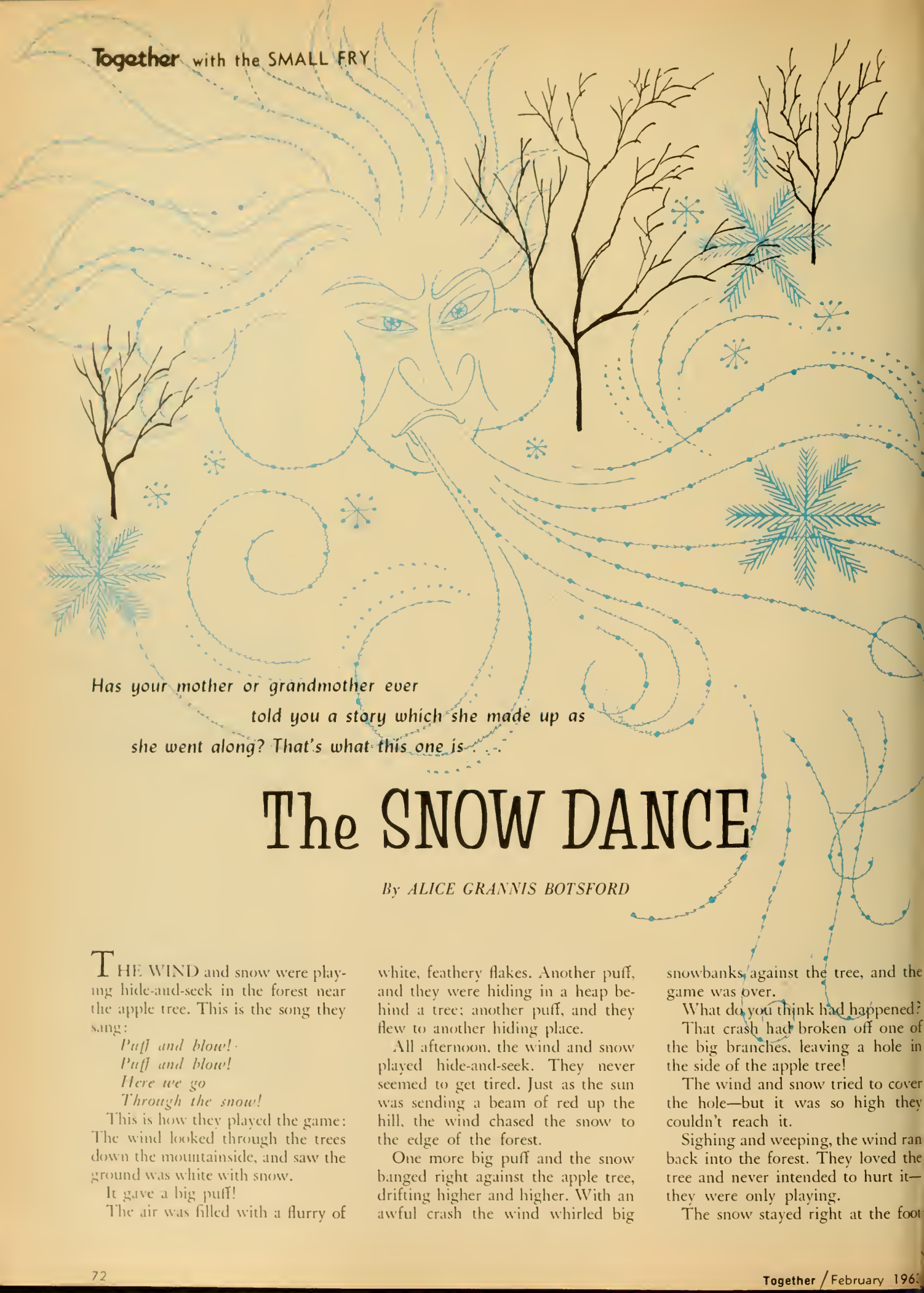
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Has your mother or grandmother ever
told you a story which she made up as
she went along? That's what this one is.

The SNOW DANCE

By ALICE GRANNIS BOTSFORD

THE WIND and snow were playing hide-and-seek in the forest near the apple tree. This is the song they sang:

Puff and blow!

Puff and blow!

Here we go

Through the snow!

This is how they played the game: The wind looked through the trees down the mountainside, and saw the ground was white with snow.

It gave a big puff!

The air was filled with a flurry of

white, feathery flakes. Another puff, and they were hiding in a heap behind a tree; another puff, and they flew to another hiding place.

All afternoon, the wind and snow played hide-and-seek. They never seemed to get tired. Just as the sun was sending a beam of red up the hill, the wind chased the snow to the edge of the forest.

One more big puff and the snow banged right against the apple tree, drifting higher and higher. With an awful crash the wind whirled big

snowbanks against the tree, and the game was over.

What do you think had happened?

That crash had broken off one of the big branches, leaving a hole in the side of the apple tree!

The wind and snow tried to cover the hole—but it was so high they couldn't reach it.

Sighing and weeping, the wind ran back into the forest. They loved the tree and never intended to hurt it—they were only playing.

The snow stayed right at the foot

of the tree, keeping it warm with its blanket of white. That night an old hoot owl and his wife flew out of the forest hunting their breakfast.

They sat down on the broken branch. They saw the hole. What a fine place for a nest! They hopped into it and snuggled close to keep warm.

All you could see of them were four big, round eyes blinking up at the moon. This is the night song they sang:

*To whoo! To whoo! To whoo!
This'll do, this'll do, this'll do!*

They woke the night wind, and he rolled two little white balls over the snow and down through the trees. They came to stop at the bottom of the snowbank in front of the apple tree. Plop!

Then those little snowballs came to life, sat up on tired legs, flopped four pink ears, and wiggled their white tails to the music of the hoot owls' song:

*To whoo! To whoo! To whoo!
This'll do, this'll do, this'll do!*

Have you guessed who they were? They were the wild winter bunnies in their coats of white winter fur.

VALENTINES For Everyone

*It's easy to do them;
There's no need to glue
them,
Or fiddle with seissors and
lace.
And what a nice greeting
For those you'll be meeting,
With big hearty smiles
on your face!*

—IDA M. PARDUE

More little balls drifted down, until there were 10 sitting on their hind legs, sniffing and listening.

Up went the ears. Wiggle-waggle went the tails. Look! The bunnies are dancing the snow dance to the music of the wind!

*Slither and slide,
Hop and glide.
Through the snow,
Here we go!*

Round and round in a circle they hopped. Suddenly they stopped! Down went one ear, up went the other. A sly fox, looking for his breakfast, was creeping around the apple tree.

In a flash the bunnies were gone!

One little bunny had not learned to hop so fast as the others. The fox caught him by the tail!

The hoot owls screeched and frightened the fox. He opened his mouth. The bunny ran away. My! Was that fox mad!

The fox yapped and howled and tried to reach the hoot owls, but finally gave up and crept off down the hill.

The hoot owls laughed and sang as they watched the fox slink out of sight:

*To whoo! To whoo! To whoo!
This'll do, this'll do, this'll do!*

The clouds and the night wind faded away.

When morning came the apple tree stood patiently waiting—wrapped in its blanket of snow, waiting for the bunnies to dance the snow dance again.

Do you think they'll come back?

Special Candy for a Cold Snowy Evening

- 12 marshmallows
- 12 halves of walnuts, pecans, or any other large nut
- 1 small package of shredded coconut

Put water in the bottom part of the double boiler until it is half full.

Put the marshmallows in the top part of the double boiler.

Fit the top part of the double boiler into the bottom part and set it on the stove.

Heat until the marshmallows are very soft and run together.

While the marshmallows are heating, put some shredded coconut on the plate.

With a fork, dip each piece of nut into the melted marshmallow, turning to cover all sides of the nut.

After the nut is coated with marshmallow, roll it at once in the coconut.

As each coconut ball is finished,

place it on a sheet of wax paper, or a platter. Let this special candy cool, then serve.

If you are planning to serve several persons, double the recipe. It's so good, everyone will want more!

—DOROTHY ARNS



ASK MOTHER or an older sister to be with you while you are working at the stove. They will teach you how to turn on the stove safely.

First, tie a big apron around your waist. If you don't have one, ask if you may borrow Mother's or sister's.

You will need to have ready a plate, a fork, a double boiler, and the following:





Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and
serve God? It is enough. I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

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After-Hour Jottings

Of Space, Time—and Homework . . . A friend told us the other day that he had taken "another go" at Einstein's theory of relativity, having bought a new book that promised to explain space and time in such a manner "that any layman can understand."

"I am very, very willing to have the universe explained to me," our friend said, "but I hadn't read more than 10 pages before I was over my head again in the incomprehensible realms of plain, old high-school algebra." Now a devoted seeker after knowledge, he *had* to admit "that I simply didn't do my homework back in the dear, dead days when life was simpler and my mind a little more impressionable."



This writer, who emerged unhonored from the same subject and is now having trouble helping his own 15-year-old through high-school algebra, isn't at all bashful in calling your attention to *Is Homework Overdone?*—this month's *Powwow*. Not that there isn't plenty of room for honest differences of opinion as to the what, when, and how of the subject.

Then There's Geography . . . Plenty of it shows on the large, green, red, yellow, and blue map on our office wall. The map hangs there rather lopsidedly, but it serves its purpose—that of showing us at one glance the worldwide mission of The Methodist Church. Last year, it also helped us follow John Glenn on his three orbits of the earth, a real adventure in time and space by a fellow who apparently did his homework in algebra and geography. And he made history.



Anyway, our map shows us how far the spirit of Aldersgate has spread and, just as important during Aldersgate Year, 1963, the vast areas yet to be claimed for Christ. Why an Aldersgate Year? From our map of Methodism, we always get an overpowering sense of wonder at the force Aldersgate brought to the world through John Wesley. Much of that story is told in two splendid articles in this issue—one by Bishop F. Gerald Ensley, whose comments give perspective on *John Wesley Completes a Decision*, page 26, the other by Dean William R. Cannon of the Candler School of Theology: *John Wesley: He Laid Methodism's Cornerstone*, page 30.

Letters From Our Authors . . . Kathleen Davis Grier, one of our more consistent contributors, writes, "I shall enjoy tithing" the check we sent her for *A Salary Cut Made Us Tithers* [page 49]. . . . And when our Kay Thompson wrote Arthur Gordon that we were sending an honorarium for reprinting his *How Wonderful You Are . . .* [page 22], the author replied: "How Wonderful YOU Are!"—and that's all.

—YOUR EDITORS.

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THROUGHOUT CHRISTENDOM, Lent is a time for facing spiritual realities. The cross, painted by a young Nashville artist, is presented here as a vibrant reminder of the great sacrifice and of the resurrection—a symbol of Christian dedication. May we have a worshipful Lent. This Lent, why not extend your ministry to

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East Meets West in ROCHESTER

*With Christian concern, they learn new
nursing skills to take back to their
missions of mercy in distant homelands.*

*The brothers Mayo: They developed clinical
procedures and advanced surgical techniques shared
freely with all physicians. Certainly they
would have approved the exchange program that
brought these Filipino nurses to Rochester.*



ROCHESTER, Minn., is a world-famous medical center, thanks to Mayo Clinic and the great hospitals associated with it. One of the latter is Rochester Methodist Hospital where scores of dark-eyed, winsome girls have traded their colorful Oriental costumes for nursing uniforms. Each is taking part in a two-year Exchange Visitor training program before returning to her homeland with the latest in nursing skills and practices. The fact that most already have degrees in nursing only emphasizes the high standards of training available to them.

Rochester Methodist Hospital has trainees from both Europe and the Orient, but the Filipino girls outnumber those from other countries. It was Methodist bishop José Valencia of Manila who started the ball rolling when he visited the hospital in 1960 and returned to put his enthusiastic support behind the program. He assigned Dr. Charles

*After two years' experience in
various fields of medical service,
this could be a picture from a
hospital in the Philippines.*

Mosebrook, minister of Manila's Central Methodist Church and a former resident of Rochester, to act as the hospital's agent in screening Filipino nurses who would be interested in coming to the U.S. for in-service training. Since the program was widely advertised in churches throughout the Philippines, many of the young women are Methodists.

To date, around 80 Filipino nurses have enrolled. As a group, they symbolize Methodism's tradition of going into all the world, not only to preach the Gospel, but to alleviate suffering.

Rochester's social, civic, and religious life takes on a pleasant flavor of the Far East, with girls like Kazuki Sunami of Japan much in demand for cultural programs.



Four pretty misses model Filipino costumes while demonstrating the intricate rhythms of the Bamboo Dance.



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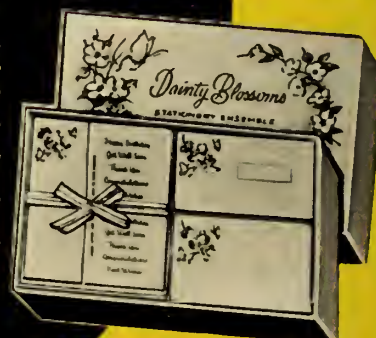
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